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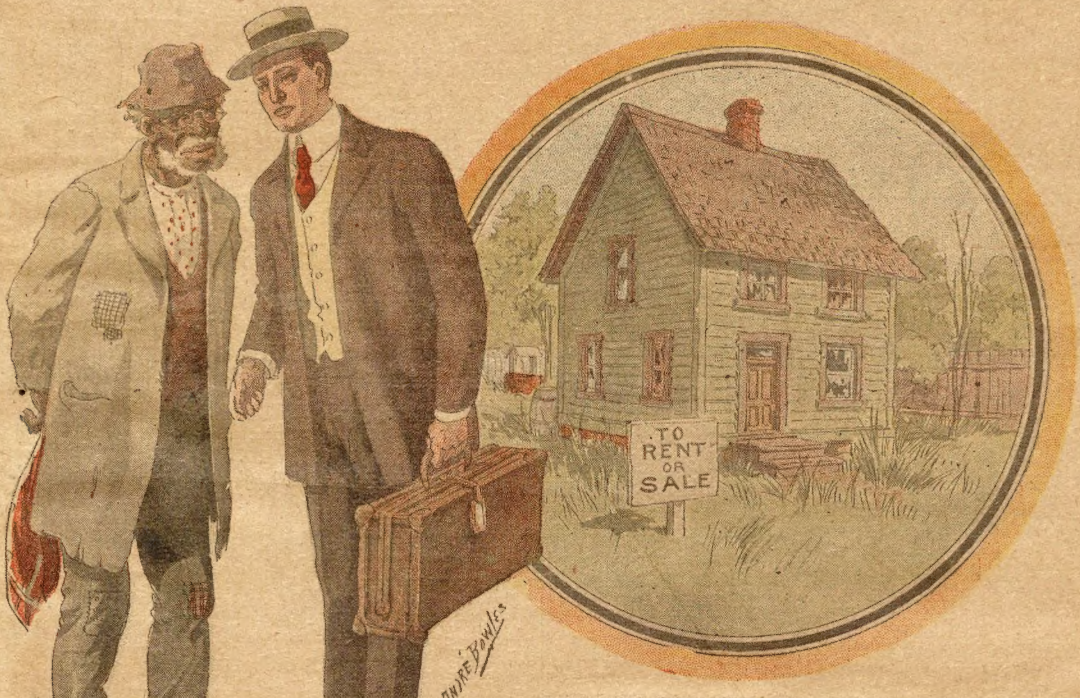
HOUSE OF THE MIDNIGHT SOUND.

By J. BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS.



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CHAPTER I.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

Judge Havens pulled his iron-gray goatee nd looked thoughtfully at his visitor.

The latter, a man of about his own age, ooked out of the window.

The judge spoke: "And so, Jack, you want to give up the house?"

"Yes," said Jack Allen, "I am going to
over on Washington street."

asn't been two months since you
my house," said Judge Havens
fully.

, it has been two months; at least, all
few days."

ook here, Jack," said Judge Havens
ddenly, "to be frank with you, I don't like
is. You came to this town because we
e old chums. You rent my house which
ckily is vacant at the time, and now in
ess than two months you want to move
ut. What is there over on Washington street to attract you?"

"It's near my church," said Jack Allen.

"No nearer than where you live now,"
id the judge.

"It's a good neighborhood."

"No better than where you are now."

"To be quite plain about it," said Jack Allen, "my wife and daughter both insist on it.

"As for me," added Allen, staring thoughtfully, or rather furtively, from the window, "I don't care. But I must have peace in the family and to have it we must move over to Washington street."

"Now, Jack, be a little plainer with me, and tell me why your wife and daughter want to move."

The man of fifty stirred uneasily in his chair and coughed.

"Look here, Jack," said Judge Havens, "speak to me as the old friend you have always been. Be frank with me. I will tell you this: I moved to Goldenburg four years ago. That property you've rented from me was a cinch, it seemed to me; so cheap, in fact, that I pitied the man I bought it from. Well, you are the third party I've rented it to, and nobody has stayed there a year; the longest time it was occupied was eight months. Now, is anything the matter with that place? Haven't you had good health while there?"

"Sure! Don't I look fat enough?"

"Then out with it. What's the matter?"

"I hardly know how to tell you," said Allen, dropping his voice. "It sounds ridiculous. Mind you, I am not moving out on my own account. But my wife has nerves and my daughter is young."

"Isn't that place as good for nerves as any place?"

"No, it is not," said Allen promptly.

Judge Havens pulled his goatee as if ringing a bell for an answer, as he said, "Why, Jack, why?"

"I don't know why other people didn't like to stay in your house, Judge, but I'll be frank with you about my wife and daughter. Here's the trouble. There's a curious noise there sometimes, and we can't lay our finger on the cause of it, and we don't like noises unless we know what makes 'em."

"Oh, tut, tut, tut!" cried Judge Havens impatiently. "Don't put up an antiquated tale of haunted houses."

"I'm not doing anything of the sort. Who believes in haunted houses any more?"

"That's what I want to know!" cried the owner of the house in question.

"No," said Jack Allen, "of course not. It is the last word I would use. The house is all right. We like the house. But we don't like sounds unless we know the cause of the sounds. And sounds are there, and I won't be bullied into saying they're not," added Allen with humorous pugnacity.

"Perhaps," scoffed the judge, "somebody has told you that's a haunted house and you've imagined white forms and mysterious movements. That's enough to lose tenants. Give a house a bad name, and tear it down; you can't rent it any more."

Jack Allen shook his head. "I've never heard a word against the place. Maybe that's because I've lived in Goldenburg only two months."

"I never heard a word of strange sounds before," Havens declared, "and I've lived here four years."

"Yes," said Allen, "but you see, you own the house. Naturally people aren't going to come to you with tales about your own property."

"But why didn't the other tenants put up a roar about noises when they came to me to give up the premises?"

Allen hesitated, then said, "Because they hated to make themselves ridiculous by talking about ghostly sounds. Of course nobody believes in ghosts. They would have been guyed unmercifully. If you and I weren't chums from childhood, I wouldn't have said a word on the subject."

"Even as it is," said Judge Havens grimly, "I've had to force it from your reluctant lips."

Allen grinned assent.

"Now," said Judge Havens in a determined voice, "I purpose to get at the bottom of this thing. Look at me and quit staring out that window."

To insure obedience, the judge pulled down the blind of his office window.

Jack Allen with a sigh replied, "I hate to go into definite details, it all sounds so impossible and foolish, don't you know. But my wife and daughter are determined to leave the place, and I'll tell you why.

"Now, Judge, you know I'm not good at describing. I don't know what it sounds like. All I can tell you is that it sounds and that it is always about midnight when we hear it, and that it doesn't come every night, though my wife has a vague impression that it does every night. Well, maybe it does. Maybe sometimes I am asleep and fail to hear it."

"It is reasonable to suppose," remarked the judge, "that you are sometimes asleep at midnight; yes. And so you can't tell me what it sounds like?"

"No, I can't. But that doesn't matter. The sounds come and we—and we go!"

"Do you think my other tenants heard this sound?"

"I don't know. But if they did, I don't blame 'em for putting out."

Judge Havens whistled ruefully. "That's it. That's why I got the place so cheap. Doubtless it is known to the old settlers as the haunted house of Goldenburg. Some flying squirrel, or family of mice, or prowling cat has even imposed upon you."

"That's all right, I'm not going to argue about it, and I wouldn't say a word to injure your property. All we mean to do is to quietly get out."

"I sincerely hope that noise will follow you!" cried the other.

"Much obliged, Judge, but I fancy you bought that noise with the house and yard."

There was a dead silence of at least five minutes, while Judge Havens stroked his goatee and Jack Allen frowned at the window-shade.

At last the house owner started up impatiently. "What do you advise me to do, Jack?"

Allen grinned and answered readily, "Go there and spend a few nights yourself. Then you won't need anybody to describe your sounds."

"Nonsense. Not much! I can never sleep when I change my bed. No, sir. Besides, even if I heard the sounds, what good would that do me? I don't want to hear 'em: I want to stop 'em, to find the cause of 'em. I've paid out a good two thousand for that place, and it's worth four thousand; at least, it's worth four thousand without sounds. Come, Jack, old fellow, you used to be pretty good at helping me out of scrapes at school; do something to help me out of this pickle."

"Keep still, I'm thinking," came the answer. At last Allen added, "I believe I have it."

"Well?"

"Ever hear of Keeneyes?"

"Keeneyes, the detective? Sure."

"Well, they say he never failed in a murder or robbery or disappearance mystery; maybe he can do as well with haunted houses."

"Hush! Please don't use that expression about my place; if it gets out I might as well burn it up."

"I fancy that expression is already used to describe it," said Allen, shaking his head.

"I believe your suggestion is good," said the judge. "Where does Keeneyes live?"

"I believe his address is Banks, Mo."

"Married man?"

"Yes, he married a Wyndinham."

"Perhaps he would come and live in the house and detect the sounds."

"There'd be no harm in trying him," said Allen.

"I'll drop him a letter today," declared Judge Havens, with a determined nod.

CHAPTER II.

KEENEYES CALLED INTO COUNCIL.

Three days later Judge Havens telephoned to his old college chum to come around to his office.

Jack obeyed the call.

He came into the office in his shirt sleeves, dusty and weary.

"Ah," said the judge grimly, "moving, I see."

"Yes," said Allen ruefully, "we're out of your haunted house now, and I hardly know my own wife and daughter, they are so disreputable-looking."

"If I knew where I could procure a ghost at reasonable rates," said Judge Havens, "I'd send it around to scare you superstitious people out of your new house."

Jack Allen sank into a chair with a sigh. "You can say anything to me," he breathed wearily, "I've been putting up the stovepipes."

"I want to show you something," said the judge. He stepped to his desk and took out a large formbook. "Here is a copy of the letter I wrote the detective," he said. Then he read:

" 'Mr. Richard Zellers,
" 'Banks, Mo.

" 'Dear Sir: Kindly let me know if you can undertake a mystery case for me at once.' "

The reader looked up and said, "Anything the matter with that?"

"That's all right."

Judge Havens resumed: " 'The case is not one that requires immediate attention, or that will necessarily occupy uninterrupted time. Please quote me your terms.' "

Again the judge looked up and asked, "Anything wrong in that?"

"That's all right."

"Yes," said Judge Havens. "Well, now listen to his answer."

He drew from his pocket a letter received that morning and opened it. He read:

" 'Sir: Your most curious communication at hand. As to my terms, I never charge a cent unless I solve the mystery, and if I solve it, my price depends upon the nature of the mystery. As to your particular case, since "it requires no immediate attention" and would not necessarily "occupy uninterrupted time," you had better employ some other man. I do not undertake mystery cases unless they offer interesting developments, or are supremely important. Another word, my dear Judge; when I undertake a case, it is because people come to me and not that I first go to them. If I say that as Keeneyes, my reputation has gone round the world, it is no more than everybody knows; but perhaps you were ignorant of the fact that I do not seek notoriety and that I never go after business; and I am

" 'Very truly yours,
" 'RICHARD ZELLERS.' "

When Judge Havens had finished reading aloud, he stared at Allen and Allen stared at him.

Presently Allen cried with conviction, "Well, what amazing impudence!"

The judge nodded his solemn acquiescence.

"Well," said Allen, "will you follow his advice and get another detective?"

"But I want this egotistical Keeneyes," murmured the other.

There was silence in the office.

Then Jack Allen said, "If there is anything that would delight my heart it would be to be called out of town till our new quarters are fixed up. Let's go down to Banks, Missouri, in the morning and beard this lion in his own den. What say you? I'd like to get a look at the chap, and if we could find it handy to stop off at St. Louis for a few days, then when we come back to Goldenburg my wife would likely have the pictures all hung exactly where she wants 'em, and if she hasn't, she can't blame it to me."

Judge Havens chuckled.

"I'm your boy in hour of need," he said.

The next morning these two gray-headed fellows, with the feeling of boys on a holiday, took the train for Missouri.

They felt for Missouri that sense of pity and tolerance natural to all true Kentuckians. Everything from the car window suggested something that was better in the blue grass country.

They reached Banks and found it inferior to any Kentucky town known to them with the same number of inhabitants.

They were driven in the hack to the door of Richard Zellers.

In answer to their ring, they were shown into the parlor.

When left alone the judge murmured, "Strange parlor for a detective! I expected to see false faces and handcuffs hung about the walls for ornaments. You know, they are so wild and do such unexpected things out here in Missouri."

Richard Zellers appeared at the door, tall, slim, quiet in demeanor, his slender white hands hanging at his side, his gray eyes on the alert.

Jack Allen introduced himself and presented the judge.

Judge Havens said, "Well, Mr. Keeneyes, you were pretty hard on us, making us come all the way from Kentucky to your door."

"Ah," said Keeneyes, "then you are the Judge Havens who wrote to ask my terms for service?"

"Sir, I am."

"As I indicated in my reply, I am not hunting business. As the specialists say, I do only office work."

"We have brought you the case," said the judge a trifle stiffly.

"I cannot say that I will accept it," said Keeneyes. "You may unfold it to me if you like."

"There is no need to explain it if you do not know you would serve me," said the judge, now decidedly stiff.

Keeneyes smiled. "Permit me to explain," he said. "Only two motives ever induce me to undertake a mystery case; philanthropy or personal pleasure. If I feel I can really serve society by solving a mystery, I solve it; also, if it promises to amuse me, I go in for it. But when neither of these ends promise to be reached in the case, why should I undertake a lot of trouble? I don't need the money; I have a charming wife; and last week every man I voted for was declared elected." Again he smiled the smile of ease and contentment.

"It is evident to me," remarked Allen, "that you haven't moved lately."

Keeneyes smiled appreciatively and said, "I suppose you have."

"Yes," said Allen briefly, then glancing at Judge Havens.

There was a rather awkward silence. Judge Havens had been accustomed to more consideration than he felt had been shown him.

Keeneyes addressed Allen cheerily, "You, too, live in Goldenburg?"

"I do," and again Allen looked uneasily at the judge.

"May I ask from what part of the country you moved, Mr. Allen? I used to be pretty well acquainted in Kentucky."

"You mistake," said Allen. "I was already living in Goldenburg. I went there about two months ago from New Castle. I was merely moving from one house to another, in Goldenburg."

"Ah, yes," said Keeneyes, nodding, "it is certainly a troublous way of spending one's life."

He said no more.

Judge Havens rose stiffly. "Well, Mr. Keeneyes, since you cannot promise me your aid I believe I will not take any more of your valuable time. I cannot say that my mystery case is for the blessings of society, and I do not know that it would interest you, since we are so unfortunate as not to be acquainted with your individual tastes. And so with your kind permission, we will wish you a pleasant good day."

Jack Allen rose reluctantly.

"Certainly you have my permission to wish me a pleasant good day," responded Keeneyes, "and I thank you for the courtesy. At the same time I will confess that your mystery case rather interests me, and I will undertake it, if you still desire."

"How, sir?" cried Judge Havens sternly, "you tell me that my case interests you when you do not even know its nature?"

"Oh, I know it very well, thanks to what you and your friend have told me," responded Keeneyes with a smile.

"But we have told you nothing."

"My dear Judge, artists do not have to write under their pictures for my benefit, 'This is a Cat.' In like manner, I do not have to be told in so many words that it is a cold day; one shiver is sufficient. In like manner, you and your friend have unintentionally told me something that interests me."

"What have we told you?" demanded Allen.

Keeneyes rubbed his hands with great relish and said, "You, Judge Havens, own the house from which Mr. Allen has just moved. And you, Mr. Allen, are moving from that house because, in popular parlance, it is haunted. Now, I simply dote on old haunted houses. They interest me. Just as soon as I found out that it was a haunted house proposition I was ready to go with you."

Judge Havens was amazed. "But how could you know all this?"

"Mr. Allen dislikes moving, yet he moves out of a house into another in the same town, after a stay of less than two months. He cannot wait for the time to expire before he gets out. Yet in telling me this, he does not drop a word of explanation or console himself with an expression of abuse. Nevertheless, he looks repeatedly at Judge Havens for permission to explain. The judge resolutely compresses his lips. It is then clear to me that the house belongs to Judge Havens, that the house is the mystery in the case, and that the house is presumably haunted."

"But that would not necessarily follow," interposed Allen.

"Well," said Keeneyes, "it did follow, didn't it?" and he chuckled.

"As it happens, it follows," said Allen somewhat begrudgingly.

"It was a reasonable inference," said Keeneyes cheerfully, "and a reasonable inference is good enough for me."

Judge Havens resumed his seat. "Mr. Keeneyes, I admire your penetration, and on second thought, I will unfold the case to you."

Allen sat down with relief at this turn of affairs.

CHAPTER III.

THE SOUND DESCRIBED.

Judge Havens opened up the case as follows:

"Some four years ago I moved to Goldenburg from New Castle, Kentucky.

"I had been there about a year when it was brought to my attention that a certain piece of property on a good street was being held dirt cheap.

"It was unoccupied. In fact, no tenants had been there since my coming.

"The place was easily worth four thousand dollars.

"I bought it for two thousand.

"Shortly after I got the deed to it a family moved to Goldenburg from Tennessee. They occupied the place for eight months, then moved to another part of the town. For about a year the house was idle. Then some newcomers from Virginia moved to town. They took the house at fifteen dollars a month. I had charged the Tennessee family sixteen. The Virginians kept the place four months. Then they moved to another part of the town.

"Soon after, Allen, here, a lifelong friend of mine, moved to Goldenburg, and, naturally I wanted him on my place. I only charged him twelve and a half. Rent had ceased to be a consideration to me; what I wanted was to sell that house.

"Well, sir, this scamp comes to me three days ago with the song that he was going to move to another part of the city.

"Then it was that I demanded an explanation.

"I wanted to know what was the matter with that house.

"Allen didn't want to tell me.

"But on the grounds of old-time friendship, he confessed to what was the trouble.

"And I've brought him along to tell it himself, for it's too ridiculous for me to repeat. I have told you fully all of my part in the case."

"On the contrary," returned Keeneyes, "you have left many details untouched. But we will take them up later. Then, Mr. Allen, tell me fully everything you can remember in connection with this mysterious house."

"It is told in a word," said Allen. "There were curious noises at night, and we couldn't find out what made them, so my wife and daughter insisted on moving. That is absolutely all there is to it; just queer noises."

"I am sure you can tell me more than that!" cried Keeneyes frowning.

"No, that is really all there is to tell."

"Come, come!" cried Keeneyes impatiently, "what kind of noises, Mr. Allen? What did they sound like?"

"I'm not good at describing," said Allen. "I don't know how to tell it."

"But surely you can give a general idea of those sounds."

"No, I can't. They were just noises, that's all I know about it."

"Were they like steam whistles, for instance?"

"Why, of course not."

"Were they melodious?—musical?"

"Nothing of the sort."

"Were they sharp, quick, like a taneous snapshot?"

"No, hardly that."

"What did they remind you of?"

Jack Allen rubbed his iron-gray desperation and then said, "Well, thing like the flop of a frog."

Keeneyes repeated thoughtfully, flop of a frog! Yes. Very good. The The flop of a frog. Yes. How many time did you hear it?"

"A good many times. I didn't keep count. I tried to pay no attention to it after we had given up discovering the cause of it."

"Was it day or night?"

"In the night time."

"Always in the night time?"

"Yes, always at one o'clock."

"This interests me immensely. How you know that it was always at o'clock?"

"Because always as soon as the tow clock would strike—and our own clock ran by the town clock—then we would hear the noise."

"How many frog-flops did you hear in succession? Sometimes a good many and sometimes just a few?"

"Oh, no, there was never but the one sound."

"Then the clock would strike one and the frog would flop one?"

"Just so."

"And at no other time did you hear this sound?"

"At no other time."

"Look here, Allen," remonstrated Judge Havens, "you never told me all of this."

"Well, it was all in my mind," said Allen, "but somebody had to know how to question me in order to draw it out. Go on, Mr. Keeneyes, I am greatly surprised to find how much I know about this."

"With pleasure," said Keeneyes. "When did you first hear this sound? The first night of your stay in the house or after several nights?"

"We had been living there about a week."

"You are usually a sound sleeper?"

"I am."

"But on this particular night you happened to be wakeful?"

"I suppose so. Anyhow I heard that sound."

"Well, was your wife awake?"

"Yes, she was."

"And did you say to her, 'What's that?' "

"I did. And she told me that she didn't know, but she had heard it the night before and hadn't wanted to wake me up about it, as it didn't sound again."

"Where was the sound?"

"Apparently right there in our bedroom."

"And where is your bedroom?"

"Upstairs, the west room. The house faces east. There are two rooms above and two below. And a cellar."

"Rather an inconvenient arrangement," observed Keeneyes. "So the parlor and dining room are on the ground floor, and where can the kitchen be?"

"That's not my affair," remarked Judge Havens. "I rent people the house and they can have the kitchen where they please."

Keeneyes smiled. "Well, Mr. Allen, did you get out of bed to examine your noise?"

"No, it didn't come again, and I just said maybe it was a mouse, and went off to sleep."

"But you heard it the next night?"

"I didn't, but my wife did.

"She woke me up to investigate. I took the lamp——"

"You don't have electric lights?"

"Not in that room. And I went over the washstand where the sound had come from. But everything was exactly in its place. I couldn't discover the cause of the sound. It was one o'clock, and that reminded me that the night before I had heard the sound just after the striking of the clock. I mentioned that fact to my wife, but, bless you, she had already noticed that."

"What about the next night?"

"The next night the clock woke me up by striking one. Then I heard the sound. After that whenever I happened to be awake at one o'clock I would hear the noise."

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A PHYSICIAN EXPLAINS

The heart itself has no power—no self-control. It is made to beat by a tender nerve so tiny that it is scarcely visible to the naked eye. Yet ten thousand times a day this delicate nerve must assist the heart to expand and contract.

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Book 1 on Dyspepsia.
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Book 5 for Men.
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SEA-ROVER'S REMEDY

Postum Coffee and Its Power to Rebuild.

The young daughter of a Government officer whose duties keep him almost constantly on board ship between this country and Europe, tells an interesting tale of the use her father made of Nature's food remedy to cure an attack of malarial fever:

"Father recently returned from a long sea trip, bed-ridden and emaciated from an attack of malarial chills and fever," she writes. "In such cases people usually dose themselves with medicines, and we were surprised when he, instead of employing drugs, proceeded to devote himself exclusively to Postum Food Coffee, of which he has long been fond. He used two or more cups at each meal, drinking it very hot, and between meals quenched his fever-engendered thirst at all hours of the day and night from a supply we kept ready in the water-cooler. For several days his only drink and sometimes his only food was Postum Coffee, hot or cold, according to the moment's fancy.

"Within a day or two his improvemen was noticeable, and within a week he wa a well man again, able to resume his arduous occupation.

"He first began to drink Postum Foo Coffee several years ago, as a remedy fo insomnia, for which he found it invaluab and likes it so much and finds it so ben ficial that he always uses it when he at home where he can get it." Name give by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. While this man uses Postum as a remedy, it i in no sense a medicine but only food in liquid form. But this is Nature's way and "There's a reason." See the little book, "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

"Did it frighten you?"

"Not in the least. There wasn't anything to it. I don't believe in spirit visitations, and if it was a mouse that always went home at a set hour, why need that trouble me?"

"Did it frighten your wife?"

"I can't say that it did. She would rather it hadn't been, but we never thought much about it."

"But what about your daughter?"

"We didn't tell Polly. She slept in the next room and knew nothing about it. There was no good in scaring her. But one night I was out of town and Polly slept with her mother. Well, the sound came off as usual and Polly happened to be awake. She wanted to know what had dropped, and then my wife foolishly told her about hearing it every night, and after that not a wink did Polly sleep, and that stirred up wife, and when I came home I saw it case of move out."

s the sound always in the neighbor- d of the washstand?"

"Always."

"Why didn't you move the washstand away?"

"It was the only convenient place for it."

"Did you ever take your lamp more than once over to the washstand to investigate?"

"Why man alive, I've done it a dozen times! My wife and I both have prowled around that spot. One night just before one I slipped to the place and waited."

"And did the sound come?"

"Yes, it did, right there at my very feet."

"It sounded as if something had dropped?"

"Exactly."

"Yet you found nothing?"

"Not a thing on earth."

"Ha!" cried Keeneyes rubbing his hands, "let us hasten to Goldenburg. I am eager to pass a few nights in that room myself, and if I hear anything drop I'll undertake to find out what it is."

CHAPTER IV.

THE MURDER OF FORTY YEARS AGO.

Judge Havens was delighted to hear Keeneyes enter so enthusiastically into his case.

Jack Allen also took boyish pleasure in the detective's acquiescence.

"I am very glad," said the judge, "that you are willing to undertake this case."

"Yes," said Keeneyes, "I always doted on haunted houses. The one trouble with 'em so far as I am concerned is that the ghosts never stay around long enough for me to get a glimpse of 'em. Now, likely enough, as soon as I go to Goldenburg, that mysterious sound at midnight will vanish from history. A train leaves for there in about an hour."

"Oh," said Allen, "we are going to stop in St. Louis a day or so; pressing business at home keeps me away."

"How?"

"I say," Allen explained, "pressing business at home makes me want to stay somewhere else."

"The fact is," Judge Havens supplemented, "his new house is being fixed up, and he wants to hide out till his wife gets the pictures hung where, to be sure, they will not suit her, but for which she cannot blame an absent husband."

"Ah," said Keeneyes sympathetically, "I am a married man myself. Give me your hand, sir. Yes, stay in the city a brief spell. But I will go on to Goldenburg immediately. I never delay these matters, and I am rather proud of the fact that mystery cases usually consume only a day or so of my valuable time."

Judge Havens was pleased with this assurance. "Fathom the mystery of my house as soon as may be," he cried heartily, "for I feel sure it cannot be rented or sold until it is done."

He gave Keeneyes the keys of the house in question.

The same day Judge Havens and Jack Allen went on to St. Louis to find imperfections in this Missouri city and to pity it in an altruistic spirit for not resting upon Kentucky soil.

In the meantime Keeneyes hastened toward that land of blue grass and obliterated "r's."

At Cincinnati he changed cars, crossed the Ohio, made a brief stop at Covington, took a local line at Lexington and arrived in due time at Goldenburg.

Without taking the trouble to go around to look at the haunted house, Keeneyes at once sought the tenant who had vacated the premises prior to Jack Allen. He had secured the name of the man from Judge Havens.

"Mr. Walcott," said Keeneyes, dangling the house keys carelessly, "I am a stranger to you—my name is Zellers. I've rented Judge Havens' house. Well, I met his last tenant yesterday and he told me of a curious sound that drove him to move. I don't know about taking a place like that. I found that you once rented that place from Judge Havens and stayed there four months. Do you know anything about any queer sort of noise?"

The man from Virginia looked quizzically at Keeneyes and said, "It is true you're a stranger to me, but you don't look like a man who believes in ghosts."

"I don't believe in ghosts," said Keeneyes, "but my wife would be nervous in a house full of strange sounds. Of course you don't want to keep the judge from securing a renter, but if his most intimate friend made no hesitation in telling me about the noise, why should you?"

"What did he tell you about the noise?" inquired Walcott cautiously.

Keeneyes smiled. "Very well," he said, "if you do not care to tell me I shall not have to press the point."

"Thank you," said the Virginian; "have a cigar?"

"I do not smoke," said Keeneyes pleasantly; "I can always get my thoughts out without smoking them out."

Keeneyes next sought the man who had first rented Judge Havens' house.

"This is Mr. Blalock? Zellers is my name. Didn't you once rent Judge Havens' place?"

"Yes. Pleased to know you," said the man from Tennessee.

"I'm thinking about buying his place," said Keeneyes carelessly drawing the judge's keys from his pocket. "But I ran across Jack Allen yesterday in Missouri and he was telling of a curious sound at midnight that has caused him to move out after staying not quite two months. I understood you stayed only eight. I thought perhaps you might tell me something about those noises."

"Ain't afraid of ghosts, are you?" queried the Tennesseean with a grin.

"No, I'm not, but I don't care to buy one, and I don't want to take one with the house."

"I'll tell you," said Blalock, "Walcott rented that place after I did, and he stayed there half as long as I did. He knows a heap more about it than I do. You ask Walcott."

"I've already asked him."

"What did he say?"

"He asked me."

Blalock was puzzled. "How was that?"

"I asked him if he knew anything about a ghostly sound at that house and he asked me to have a cigar."

Blalock laughed. "Well, it's like this," he said. "If a pard of mine was trying to sell his horse, and if I knew about his having run off once, you don't reckon I'd butt in and tell it, do you?"

"But Judge Havens is not a particular friend of yours," Keeneyes objected.

"Well, pardner, neither are you," Blalock grinned.

Keeneyes smiled to hide his disappointment and strolled down the street. Presently he came to a couple of chairs on the edge of the sidewalk.

One was vacant.

The other was occupied by an elderly gentleman in plain but neat clothes. He was chewing restfully. His face was large and long with thick red cheeks, a smooth face and a short chin beard.

Keeneyes seated himself in the vacant chair.

"Good evening, stranger," said the man with the chin beard; "have a chew?"

"Thank you; not just at present. This is Colonel——"

"Colonel Marshall," replied he of the chin beard.

"Zellers," said Keeneyes, introducing himself. "You have a pretty town here, Colonel."

"Yes, suh, a fairly good place Goldenburg is."

"Live here a good while, Colonel Marshall?"

"All my life, suh. Do you live in this State, suh?"

"I live in Missouri," said Keeneyes meekly.

The colonel said, "Ah!" with a fall of countenance.

"But I was born in Kentucky," added Keeneyes quickly.

"Good!" cried the other.

"I am thinking about settling here again, at least in a way. In short, I contemplate buying or renting a house in Goldenburg."

"Indeed?" cried Colonel Marshall with a courtly bow. "If there is anything I can do to facilitate matters in any way, pray call upon me, Mr. Zellers."

"Thank you," said Keeneyes promptly, "I shall take advantage of your offer on the spot. The fact is, Colonel, I have been considering Judge Havens' property as a good investment, and if I don't buy it I should like to live there, at least for a time. But I am a young married man and I wouldn't care to bring my wife to a house that might get on her nerves. You are, of course, acquainted with the place I speak of?"

"I know where you mean," said Colonel Marshall dryly.

"Is it an old house, Colonel?"

"It was built the year before the war, suh."

"Who built it, Colonel?"

"Young Washington Talbot, suh. He was at that time like you, suh, a young married man. He built the house for his beautiful bride. Poor Talbot!" The elderly gentleman sighed heavily and took a fresh chew.

"Then he did not live to enjoy his new home?"

"He and his wife were not very happy. The war came on. He went to fight for his country—his Southern country, suh. His wife died while he was gone."

"And what became of him?"

"He was killed."

"In the war?"

"No. He fought through the war, then came back to his home. There were no children. He lived alone for a few months till he could shape matters so that his brother's family could come and keep house for him. He was very sad and despondent. One night he was killed there in the house."

"He was all alone in the house?"

"Yes, suh, all alone with his destroyer."

"Who killed him?"

"Nobody ever knew."

"But somebody was suspected?"

"No, suh, so far as I knew, suspicion never rested upon the head of mortal man, suh. He was found lying on the staircase with a dagger through his heart."

"That was how long ago?"

"It was right after the war; forty years ago, suh."

"I wish I could have been there and here, too," murmured Keeneyes to himself. There was silence for some time. Then Keeneyes remarked meditatively, "I should think a house with that history would have rather a gruesome effect on the neighborhood. Half such a cause in my town would bring the reputation of being haunted."

The colonel chewed and said nothing.

"I really don't believe," continued Keeneyes, "that I would care to live in a house upon whose stairs a man had been found murdered."

"I fear I have been indiscreet," said Colonel Marshall regretfully.

"Not at all," said Keeneyes. "To be frank with you, Jack Allen has told me all about the mysterious noise that caused him to move out of the house."

"My dear, suh," cried the colonel, "there could be no connection between what he told you and what I have related."

"Of course not," said Keeneyes pensively.

Presently he excused himself.

He sought another street.

He saw an old negro with white wool and wrinkled face.

"Uncle," said Keeneyes extending a quarter, "will you show me to the old Talbot house? I mean the house Mr. Allen has just moved out of?"

"I know whah you mean, sah. Yas, sah, I tek you dah."

As he followed, Keeneyes remarked, jingling the house keys, "I'm going to live there for a while."

"Good Lawd!" muttered the old negro.

"What is it?" asked Keeneyes.

"Yas, sah, yas, sah, I tek you dah. Des dis erway, sah."

"Are you engaged now, uncle, with any regular work?"

"Ain't got nuffin to do, sah. Like mighty well to git some'hin' to do."

"Then you're the man I'm looking for. I want you to stay there with me and look after the place while I'm out of town."

"Whah dat, sah?"

"This house I'm renting—the old Talbot place."

"No, sah," exclaimed the other, stopping short, "I ain't gwine stay in dat house. Maybe you kin git a young niggah to stay dah, but dey won't no 'sperienced black man sleep in dat house."

"But, uncle, I want you. I'll pay you very liberally."

"I tek you to de house, boss, but I leab you at de do'. No, sah, you couldn't hire to me to stay dah; fah don't de good book say dat what ersponsibility is it if you gain de whole worl' an' lose yo' own soul?"

"Then you believe in this ghost story?"

"Massa Talbot he ben daid fawty yeahs," said the other, "but de diffinće 'tween him an' a ole no-account niggah lak me is dat he kin come back evah night to whah he used to live, but when dey put me in de hole in the groun' I stay dah, bless God!"

"Well, well, uncle," said Keeneyes, "I'll not insist on your staying there; but go ahead and lead me to the place. And does Washington Talbot's spirit come back every night, or just occasionally?"

"Evah night, sah, no 'ceptions or 'scuses."

"Always at one o'clock?"

"Yas, sah, des at de stroke."

"And has it come back always—I mean ever since Talbot was killed?"

"No, sah, it made de fust visitation about five yeah ago. But it ain't missed a night since."

"Uncle, if Talbot's ghost waited thirty-five years before it began to haunt his house, don't you think it was a pretty slow ghost?"

"It's too swif' fah me, s[illegible]."

"Where do you think it was all those thirty-five years?"

"Dat ain't my business, sah; I know whah it am now an' I keeps erway fum dat place, sah."

"Did you know Washington Talbot when he was alive, uncle?"

"Yas, sah, mighty fine young gen'man, proud an' high-steppin', a-holdin' up he haid lak a hoss dat know he'd fotch a thousand dahlah any auction day at de fair."

"And Colonel Marshall was telling me that nobody had the remotest suspicion who killed Talbot."

"What dat—'remotest,' sah? Dat it wasn't knowed?"

"Yes; Colonel Marshall says nobody was ever accused of doing the deed."

"Colonel Marshall mighty fine man," said the negro. "Dis heah is de house, sah."

Keeneyes did not look at the house. Instead he gazed steadily at the old man and said, "Come, uncle, I believe you have a suspicion about that murder of forty years ago."

"Who, me? No, sah, no, sah-ree-bob! Not me, I ain't!"

"Well, well," said Keeneyes with a cheerful smile, "as you were living at the time it happened, I imagine you might have heard rumors."

"No, sah! no, sah!"

"Or might have had your own opinion——"

"I ain't got no 'pinions, boss, I nevah had. Dat what my ole massa used to say to me, he des git so m-a-ad an' he frow de bootjack at me an' yell, 'Dave, you black rascal,' he yell, 'why ain't you got no 'pinions?' he say. Lawd, I thought de worl' of ole massa. But he daid now, an' we all got to die some day, yas, sah."

"Then you never heard any whispers about the man who had a grudge against Washington Talbot——"

"Boss, what dat, 'grudge'?"

"You heard nothing of the man who hated Washington Talbot with a mortal hatred and who perhaps threatened his life, and who slipped to the house that night, dagger in hand?"

"No, sah, all dat a new book to ole Dave, sah."

"Then here is another quarter," said Keeneyes. "And you won't come in the house to show me around?"

"I des got to go," said Dave. "I fought of some'hin' dat I ain't fought of fah days; I des boun' to go t'tend to it. Evenin', boss."

Keeneyes was left standing before the house of the mysterious sound.

"That old man knows something about that murder," he reflected.

"Very good. I'll find out what he knows, if it takes a ghost to scare it out of him."

He smiled knowingly and entered the front yard.

CHAPTER V.

WAITING TO HEAR THE SOUND.

Only a path of beaten earth led from the front gate to the front yard. The yard had grown up in weeds so thick and high that one might have concealed himself among them in perfect security.

Keeneyes wondered that Jack Allen who had moved from the premises only a few days before had not cut the weeds, as he had lived there almost two months.

"He deserved to hear mysterious sounds at midnight," he muttered as he opened the front door.

The front room was large and chilly. It

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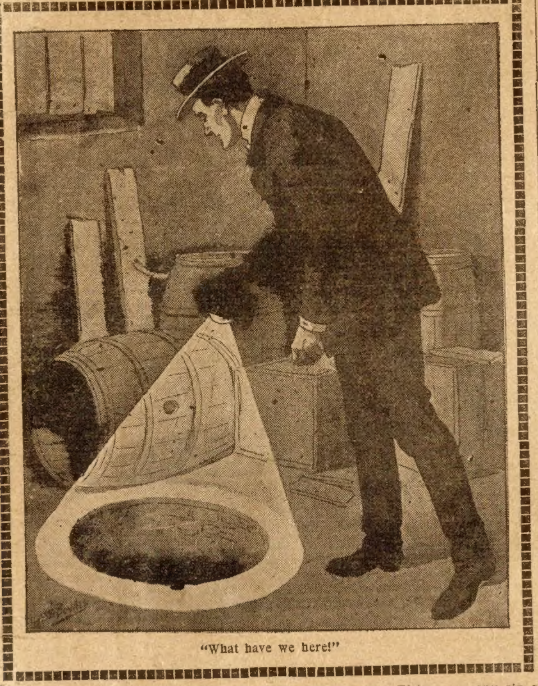
was empty, of course, as was every room in the house.

A few scattered leaves of paper and some excelsior told of the recent exodus.

"This was the parlor," murmured Keeneyes.

He noticed that a boxed-in flight of stairs led from this room above. The door that usually concealed the stairs from visitors, stood open.



"What have we here!"

"Upon those stairs," muttered Keeneyes, "young Washington Talbot was murdered forty years ago."

He looked through an open door into the second downstairs room.

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* * *

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LIEUTENANT FAIRFAX'S TREACHERY.

By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT,

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CHAPTER XXVII.

Lieutenant Boyer opened his eyes and stared bewilderedly about him. Was he really at home in his bedroom, or was he dreaming or delirious? His eyes wandered to the window and rested upon old Massanutten. No, it was no dream nor was his mind wandering. But what did it mean? He made a strong mental effort and his mind began to grow clearer. He remembered that march from Fisher's Hill to Cedar Creek through the darkness of the night, with Massanutten Mountain towering upon one side and the black rush of the river upon the other; the fording of the river, with the water breast-high; then the darkness of the forest as they crept stealthily upon the Federal pickets; the first shot ringing out startlingly in the stillness of the dawn.

How he had fought, stimulated, inspired by the thought of the splendid victory that would be theirs. Then the sharp agony of a bullet ploughing into his breast and, after that, everything was confused.

Marshall gave an impatient sigh and tried to lift himself in the bed but fell back.

"Why, I am as weak as a baby," he murmured. "I must have ill."

At that moment the door opened and Mrs. Boyer entered. She came quickly forward, her face lighting with joy.

"My dear boy, I believe that you know me at last!" she exclaimed.

"Of course, I know you, mother," he replied. Then he added, while his face darkened, "Who brought me to this house, mother?"

"Your father, Marshall."

Marshall lay silent for some moments, while his mother tenderly smoothed back the hair from his brow.

"Mother," he said at length, "some one looked after me on the battlefield after I was wounded. I was dying of pain and thirst, I was bleeding my life away; some one gave me water, carried me under the shade of a tree and bound up my wound. Who was it, mother? Do you know?"

"Yes, dear, I know," Mrs. Boyer replied a little hesitatingly.

"Whoever it was, I owe him my life. Who was it, mother? Ah, no doubt it was Royal."

"No, Marshall, it was not Royal; it was Lem Ash."

"Lem Ash?" he cried. "Impossible! that man hates me with the bitterness of death."

"Here is your father, dear," said Mrs. Boyer, as the doctor entered. "He will tell you all about it."

Doctor Boyer approached the bed and looked down upon his son with a mixture of affection and humor in his eyes.

"Well, Marshall, you find that you have been captured by the enemy," he said with a smile.

At the sight of his father, in the blue uniform of the North, Marshall's face had grown cold and stern. There was a momentary struggle within him, then his face cleared and, with a smile, he held out his hand to his father.

"Yes, father, I was captured; I did not surrender," he replied.

The doctor laughed.

"There is some one outside who is anxious to see you, my boy."

"One moment, father. I can't rest until I know the truth. Mother tells me that it was Lem Ash who saved my life on the battlefield. Can this be true?"

"It is, quite true, Marshall. I will tell you all about it another time; it's rather a long story, and Royal Fairfax is waiting to see you before starting for home. He has just left the hospital."

"Very well, father."

The doctor left the room and in a few minutes Royal entered.

He shook hands with Mrs. Boyer and then went up to the bed.

"How are you, Marshall?" he asked.

"I have just gotten a material hold upon the world again," answered Marshall. Then, as he caught sight of Royal's empty sleeve, his face changed and he added, in a low voice, "You have lost your arm?"

"Yes," replied Royal with a faint smile. "An empty sleeve and this scar across my forehead I shall carry through life as souvenirs of Cedar Creek."

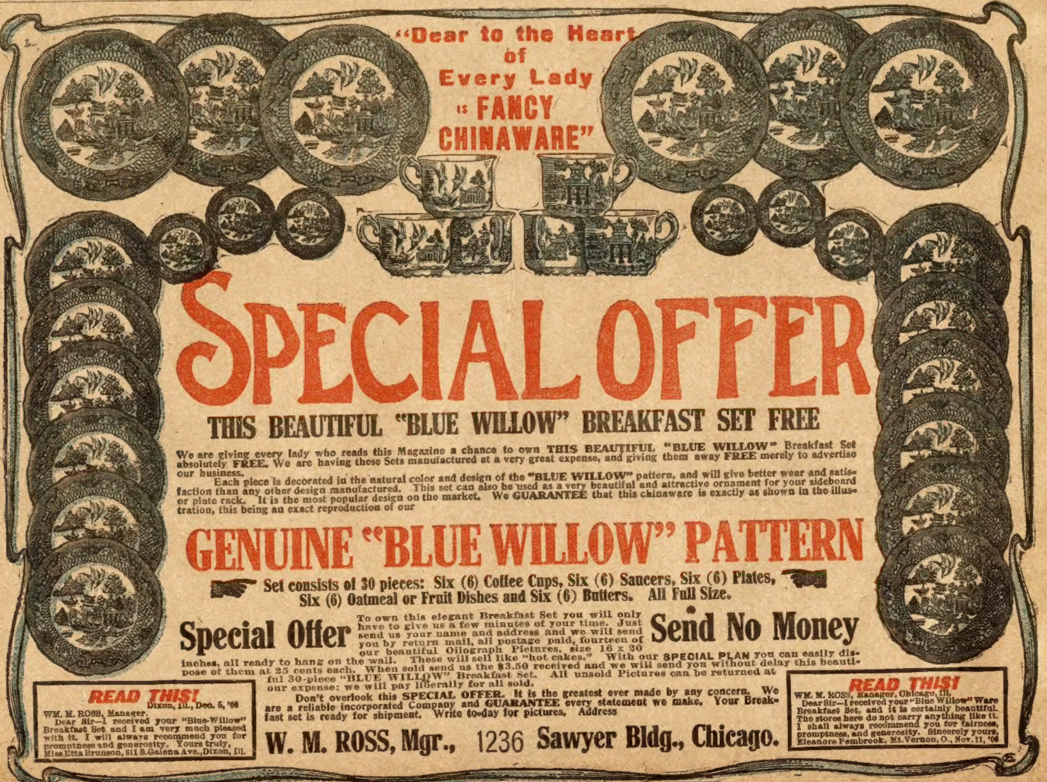
"It's very fortunate that it wasn't your leg, Royal," Mrs. Boyer remarked, as she moved toward the door. "The loss of a leg is very detrimental to a man's appearance, but, really, the absence of an arm gives him quite an interesting look."

Royal laughed.

"Thank you, Mrs. Boyer, that is quite consoling," he replied. "I had never regarded it just in that light before."

As his mother closed the door behind her, Marshall looked eagerly at Royal.

"Now tell me all about Cedar Creek, Royal," he exclaimed. "Nothing was very clear to me after I was wounded. Do you know," with a smile, "that I actually fancied I saw Sheridan come galloping down the turnpike and that the Federals were



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shouting and cheering. Of course, we scored a glorious victory?"

It was a moment or so before Royal made any reply. Then he turned and pointed toward the mountain.

"See, Marshall, the white flag no longer floats from the top of old Massanutten."

"Royal, what do you mean?" asked Marshall, a look of apprehension flashing over his white face. "It cannot be that we were defeated?"

"We were defeated; bitterly, hopelessly, disastrously defeated!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Virginia, I am coming with you to the hospital this morning," said May, a week later, entering Virginia's room in her riding habit.

"Very well, dear," Virginia replied. "But have you taken into consideration that there are many sorrowful and harrowing sights there?"

"I fancy that I have quite as much fortitude and endurance as the Southern women," said May.

"You'se jes' w'arin' yo'se'f out runnin' ebery day to dat hospital, honey," exclaimed Aunt Clarissa. "And fo' to nuss dem pesky Yankees, too."

"But, mammy, you know it's not alone the Yankees," remonstrated Virginia, but Aunt Clarissa went on unheedingly.

"Thar ain't no sense nor reason in you w'arin' yo'se'f out nussin' dem thar Yankees. Yo' cheeks used to war lak de wild rose, now dey'se pale as de lily leaf. But," and she shook her head mournfully, "sorful times hab comed to de Fairfaxes. Thar's ole marse what nebber gwine to see no mo' on dis heah airth, thar's Marse Royal wid one ob his arms done cut off, and——"

"There! mammy, for Heaven's sake, stop!" cried May. "We don't want to go over the entire category of woes. At any rate, it seems there will be no more fighting in the valley," she went on rather regretfully. "A battle is so exciting and exhilarating. I would like to have been on the field when Sheridan arrived from Winchester. It must have been splendid."

"I ain't got no use fo' Gin'al Sher'dan," declared Aunt Clarissa. "He had better hab staid 'way from Cedar Creek."

May laughed.

"You see he didn't think so."

"Royal says that all the honor of the victory at Cedar Creek is due to General Wright," said Virginia. "That the battle was practically won when Sheridan arrived upon the field."

"I think it was quite nice of him to return your horse, Virginia."

"Done stoled de hoss in de fust place," said Aunt Clarissa.

"Well, you know 'all's fair in war,'" declared May. "Are you ready, Virginia?"

When the two girls rode into Strasburg they found the town filled with Federal soldiers. They were part of Sheridan's troops who had been transferred there to act as guard with their outposts on Fisher's Hill.

"Are there many Federals in the hospital, Virginia?" May asked as they rode through the town.

"Yes, quite a number," Virginia replied. "There is one I am particularly interested in. He is from New England and was a sergeant in Custer's division. His name is Lofton."

"Lofton!" said May reflectively. "And from New England? What sort of a man is he?"

"He is rugged and uneducated, but with a sturdy independence, blunt honesty and fortitude in bearing pain, that appeal to me."

"How old a man is he?" asked May, who seemed curiously interested.

"About fifty, I should fancy. He received a fatal wound and cannot live much longer. Now, May, I hope you won't faint after we get inside."

"I never fainted in my life," exclaimed May, rather indignantly. "And am not likely to do anything so absurd."

But, once in the hospital, with the surgeons amputating limbs and dressing ghastly wounds, May grew rather pale and had to struggle hard against a feeling of faintness.

"The North must not show itself lacking in the fact of the bravery and fortitude of these dainty Southern women," she thought to herself. "Ah, how these white, wan faces brighten at the sight of Virginia."

They had reached a cot upon which lay an elderly man with dark eyes, strong features and a long, grizzled beard flowing over his chest. His features had a pinched look and his face was colorless.

"How are you feeling this morning, Sergeant Lofton?" Virginia asked as the two girls paused beside the cot.

He made no reply; indeed, he did not appear to hear her. He was staring at May with an odd, eager look on his face.

"What is your name?" he asked, almost roughly.

"May Langley," May replied quietly. Virginia stood looking in surprise from one to the other.

"Ah, I was sure of it the moment my eyes rested upon your face," exclaimed Sergeant Lofton. "Child," his rough voice softening, "your mother was my sister."

"I thought you were some relation to me," said May. "My mother's name was Lofton before she was married, I knew that. So you are my uncle?"

"Yes, I am your uncle. Will you kiss me, child? I loved your mother very dearly."

May bent over and pressed her fresh lips to his white cheek.

"And you ain't ashamed of your old rough uncle?" asked Sergeant Lofton with a tremulous smile.

"Certainly not," replied May. "How can you believe me capable of such a thing?"

"I thought maybe your father had put you against your mother's people," said Sergeant Lofton.

"May father was incapable of doing that," May exclaimed indignantly.

"Well, you see we were very humble people, and he belonged to one of the most aristocratic families in New England. We didn't see very much of your mother after she was married."

"I am going to leave you to talk with your uncle, May," said Virginia.

"This young lady has been very good to me," Sergeant Lofton said, his rugged face softening as he looked at Virginia. "She couldn't have been more so if I had fought for the South instead of for the North. If it was the Divine will that I was to get well, while I would take up arms again against the men of the South, I would never bend my knee in prayer without asking God's blessing upon the Southern women." Virginia had turned away while he was speaking. His eyes followed her for a moment and then he added, "When I was out of my head I sometimes took that lovely face of hers, with its crown of golden hair, for the face of an angel."

"She is more than an angel," May replied. "She is human with an angel's purity and truth and goodness."

"You seem to know her well and to love her?"

"She has been like a sister to me for more than four years."

"I heard when your father died that you had gone to some friends of his in the South. The moment I laid eyes on you I was sure that you was my sister's child, for you're the very image of her. For an instant it seemed like your mother stood before me, as she was at your age. We were very plain people and not too well off, but your mother was sent to a first-class school and finely educated. She first met your father while visiting a schoolmate in Boston. He fell in love with her and they were married. It's only natural that she should have drifted away from her own people. It's kinder strange you and me comin' together in this way, child. You'll come to see me often, won't you, my dear? It won't be long that I shall be here."

"I shall come every day, uncle," replied May. "Let us hope that you will get well again."

"I shall never get well," Sergeant Lofton said quietly. "It is only a question of a very short time. There is something I wish to tell you, child. I shall not die a poor man. I've been successful in life and have gathered together a fortune of about seventy-five thousand dollars. I have neither wife nor child and no near relative save you, so this money will be yours when I am dead."

He glanced a little curiously at May, who showed no signs of elation, as he added, "I wish to see a lawyer and fix everything."

Suddenly May's eyes lighted and she drew a quick breath.

"Uncle," she said, "I have really more money than I know what to do with. Won't you please leave yours to Virginia Fairfax?"

"Leave my money to Virginia Fairfax," exclaimed Sergeant Lofton with a look of astonishment. "What for, child? She ain't no kin to you and me."

"She has been more to me than kin, she has been both sister and friend," cried May passionately. "Uncle, if you leave this money to me I shall use every cent of it to help the Southern cause."

Sergeant Lofton looked at her for a moment or so, then a grim smile touched his lips.

"Well, I ain't particular anxious that my money should be used to help the cause which has cost me my life," he said. "If I don't make a will you will inherit my money as next of kin."

"Then, uncle, please make a will and leave it to Virginia Fairfax. When I first came to Fairfax Manor, the Fairfaxes, one of the first families in Virginia, were rich; the war has ruined them. Colonel Fairfax, the most chivalrous of gentlemen, the bravest and noblest of men, lost his eyesight at the battle of Fort Royal. Royal Fairfax, his son, lost an arm at Cedar Creek. They are too proud to accept one dollar of my money, but if this money were left to Virginia they would have to take it. Uncle, do this for my sake. You can't even guess how happy it would make me."

"Well, child, you must give me a little time to think it over. I'll tell you my decision tomorrow. Now, listen to me, my dear. There is a graveyard on the hill above the town, a beautiful spot. I want to be buried there. There's many a Union soldier that's found a resting place under Southern skies with no one of kith or kin to shed a tear over his grave. I know that you will sometimes visit that grave of mine on the hill. This is a beautiful country. No wonder the Southern men love it, fight for it, die for it. You will bury me up there on the hill, child?"

"Yes, uncle."

CHAPTER XXIX.

May went alone to the hospital the next morning. She felt strangely excited and impatient and would not wait until Virginia was at liberty to leave.

Doctor Boyer came out as she was dismounting in front of the hotel.

"I was just going to send for you, May," he said. "Sergeant Lofton, who tells me he is your uncle, is dying."

May turned very white.

"Dying!" she repeated.

"Yes, a change for the worse took place about half an hour ago. Come, he wishes to see you."

With a pale, stunned look upon her face, May followed the doctor into the hotel. A Federal surgeon and one of the nurses stood beside Sergeant Lofton's cot. They drew back as May approached. She went up and knelt beside the cot. The eyes of the dying man turned upon her face. He murmured a name, her mother's name, then the light went out of his eyes.

Doctor Boyer touched May gently upon the shoulder, as she knelt, looking down upon the still, white face.

"Come away, my child; it is all over," he said.

May rode slowly back to Fairfax Manor, utterly miserable. She had been so happy over the prospect of that money coming to the Fairfaxes, for she felt sure that her uncle would have done as she wished in the end, and the bitter disappointment was almost more than she could bear.

The mere thought of the money being hers was hateful, for she knew that, if she had a million dollars, the pride of the Fairfaxes would always prove an insuperable barrier to her aiding them in any way whatever.

At the gates of Fairfax Manor she met Virginia who was just starting for the hospital.

"Why, May, you are back soon," the latter exclaimed, then, as she caught sight of May's face, she added quickly, "What is the matter? Has anything happened?"

"My uncle is dead," May replied.

"Oh! I am so sorry!" exclaimed Virginia. "It must have been very sudden. I did not think that he would die quite so soon."

"It was sudden. Oh, I would have given five years of my life if he had only lived twenty-four hours longer."

May spoke so passionately that Virginia looked at her in some surprise.

"I wished for your sake that he had, dear," she said gently, "if that would have been any consolation to you. Still, you must not forget that it was impossible for him to get well, and that he was very happy at the last in having seen you."

"Oh, yes, I know all that," May answered wearily. "But you don't understand."

"Would you rather that I remained with you, May?" asked Virginia, who was a little anxious as well as puzzled by the utter dejection May showed in her face and bearing. She could hardly understand how May could take her uncle's death so hard when she had only known of his existence for the space of twenty-four hours.

"No," May replied, "I would rather be alone," and she rode on.

On the following afternoon Sergeant Lofton was buried in the beautiful cemetery on the hill above the town. He was buried with military honors by the men of his corps. About his coffin was wrapped the flag of the Union and upon it rested a cross of white chrysanthemums and autumn leaves. Virginia wept as the coffin was lowered into the ground, but May stood pale and still and shed not a tear.

After the funeral Doctor Boyer returned to Fairfax Manor with the two girls, and went direct to the library where Colonel Fairfax was sitting.

"Colonel," he said, when the first greetings were over, "did your ward tell you that her uncle left quite a good deal of money?"

"Why, no indeed," replied Colonel Fairfax. "Was May aware of this?"

"Yes, her uncle told her that he was worth seventy-five thousand dollars the day before he died."

"And does this money come to May?"

"She would have inherited it as next of kin if Sergeant Lofton had not made a will the day before he died leaving all he possessed to your daughter."

"This is most extraordinary, Doctor; I do not understand," exclaimed Colonel Fairfax, bewilderedly. "My daughter had no claim upon this man."

"Virginia was very good to him and he had become very much attached to her. Those poor fellows, Confederate and Federal, all love her. God bless her! Yesterday afternoon Sergeant Lofton asked me if I would draw up a will for him. He told me that he was worth seventy-five thousand dollars and that he wished to leave it all to Virginia Fairfax. I was, naturally, rather taken aback, and he said, 'You are no doubt surprised that I should leave my money to a comparative stranger when I have a niece, Doctor?' I admitted that was. 'I am going to do this with the entire approbation of my niece,' he went on. 'She has plenty of money of her own and does not want mine.' So I drew up the will according to his instructions. Now, Colonel, I would like to see Virginia and tell her of her good fortune. I never did anything that afforded me so much pleasure as the drawing up of that will."

"One moment, Doctor," Colonel Fairfax spoke very gravely. "This money in all justice belongs to May, and there must be found a way to give it to her. I know that Virginia will perfectly agree with me in this."

"Nonsense! nonsense! Colonel! There is such a thing as being ultra honorable. May Langley doesn't want her uncle's money, and I am almost inclined to believe that he was prompted by her to leave it to Virginia. I will send for her and for Virginia," and he walked to the bell and rang it.

Nothing more was said until Daphne had answered the bell and gone away to send Virginia and May to the library. Then Doctor Boyer went up and laid his hand on Colonel Fairfax's shoulder.

"You and I have been friends, Colonel, for a good many years," he said, "and that friendship remains unbroken, though four years ago I donned the blue and you the gray. I ask you now in the name of that friendship to listen to me patiently and to think seriously upon what I am about to say. Don't influence your daughter in regard to this money. Reflect; is it fair, is it just, is it kind to condemn a delicately nurtured girl to a life of poverty and hardship?"

"The motto of the Fairfaxes is 'Honor Paramount,'" replied Colonel Fairfax.

"Bother the motto of the Fairfaxes!" cried Doctor Boyer.

Just then May and Virginia entered.

Doctor Boyer went up to the latter and took her hand in his.

"My yellow-haired princess, permit me to congratulate you," he said. "Sergeant Lofton made a will the day before he died in which he left you seventy-five thousand dollars."

A startled look swept over Virginia's face; she stared at Doctor Boyer bewilderedly. The latter looked from her to May. She seemed in a moment transformed, her face was radiant.

"This seems to please you, May, more than any one else," said Doctor Boyer with a touch of grim humor.

"Please me?" cried May, "I was never so happy over anything in all my life before."

"Your uncle told me that his disposal of this money met with your entire approval," added Doctor Boyer.

"Of course it does. But I thought he had died without making a will and that was why I was so utterly wretched. It was the bitterest disappointment of my life."

Virginia flushed and the tears rushed to her eyes.

"You are a noble, generous girl, May," said Colonel Fairfax, his voice broken by emotion. He paused a moment and then continued more firmly. "But we cannot take advantage of such generosity. This money belongs justly to you and it shall be yours."

"That it never shall be," declared May with a smile. "Nothing on earth could force me to touch one penny of it." She crossed the room and knelt down by Colonel Fairfax's side. "Since the first day I found a home beneath your roof you have done all in your power to make me happy. Are you going to commence now to make me very, very miserable?"

"Heaven forbid, my child," Colonel Fairfax answered, laying his hand caressingly upon her dark head.

"I shall be perfectly miserable if you refuse to accept this money. Tell me that you will not and I shall be the happiest girl in all the world."

A faint smile, in which there was a touch of sadness, passed over Colonel Fairfax's face.

"This is undue influence," he said. "God bless you, dear! it shall be as you wish."

Eighteen months later there was a double wedding at the old Fairfax Manor, the marriage of Royal Fairfax and May, and Marshall Boyer and Virginia. Royal, long having loved May in secret, found at last that the wayward heart of this strange Northern girl was sweet and warm as sunshine itself when the key of love had unlocked it. As for Marshall and Virginia, their love had been a sacred but unspoken thing almost from childhood, but now that they were man and woman grown, and the dark conflict between the North and South was closing, bringing new duties and a new world of life and action, their love instinctively drew each to the other that they might make the journey of life together. So as time passed, sunny days and prosperity and winsome children came to Fairfax Manor and Dr. Boyer's home, and the soul of the years was peace.

(The end.)

Not in His Usual Form.

"Yes," said the woman of the house, "my husband has some old garments which he has told me to give away, but they are much too small for you."

"They'll fit me all right after today, ma'am," rejoined Wareham Long, with much earnestness. "I've had two square meals sence mornin', an' that ain't likely to happen agin' fur a year."

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Wise men always look before they leap for joy.

Go slow—and the other fellow may beat you to it.

Far better a word that lasts than the last word.

A man's greatest success in life is usually unexpected.

Truth is often homely, but that is no fault of the truth.

A job on your hands is better than two in your mind.

Many a man's first mistake was in the selection of his parents.

If a man has a testy temper it is folly to put it to the test.

The big stick is all right—if it doesn't get into wrong hands.

Don't abuse your enemies. Make them ashamed of themselves.

When a mistake turns out to be profitable it is no longer called a mistake.

Every boy knows several men he expects to whip when he grows up.

Lots of men are suspicious of others because they know themselves.

After choosing his own boss many a man is dissatisfied—so it's him for the divorce court.

Oh, no, Alphonse, a man isn't necessarily one-sided because he has never crossed the ocean.

An upstart goes about with his nose in the air until the undertaker finally pulls it down.

It sometimes happens that man reaches such a height on the ladder of fame that he gets lonesome.

Instead of speaking his mind a married man often speaks a mind made up of pieces given him by his wife.

When a girl objects to being kissed it's a sure sign that the wrong fellow is trying to break into the game.

Some people are so busy praying for more that they have no time to return thanks for what they have received.

It is impossible to acquire money without making sacrifices; most men and women who marry for it sacrifice their happiness.

Even if we got into communication with Mars it would be impossible to borrow sugar and soap across the back fence.

Boss Ruef's case shows that while the lamp holds out to burn there is reason to hope that the vilest sinner may get his turn before the bar of justice.

Fame is an illusive thing, but there are several gentlemen who have acquired near-fame by having had the foresight to go to school with some member of the Thaw jury.

HER SCATHING TRIAL.

BY CONSTANCE BEATRICE WILLARD.

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CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"The black is more economical," the woman said hesitatingly.

"Nothing is economical, my dear madam, which is not becoming. You must not put black next your face; see?" and taking the beautiful cloak from her own shoulders she threw it about the drooping ones of her customer, and turned her towards the glass. The effect was wonderful. Like a sponge, the delicate color wiped the lines from the weary face and the sallow tinge of the complexion.

"I'm right, eh?" she asked gently, giving an almost tender pullback to the shoulders.

The other woman had immediately taken a white cloak, but was actually more pleased with her mother's purchase than her own, and the two left singing the praise of the cloak model.

From them she went to those looking at the gray cloak, and taking it up, placed it about her own shoulders, and walked back and forth, displaying its beauties. In the meantime she was studying the face and hair of her customer. That was one way she succeeded. Having almost perfect taste, she could easily fit face and coloring, as well as figure, and she decided that this gray cloak was exactly what the slightly faded woman wanted, when she said coldly:

"I will take it, so there is no use for you to preen yourself back and forth."

Katherine turned, astonishment plainly showing in her face. No one ever spoke unkindly to her here.

"I beg your pardon," said said quietly.

The woman looked at her angrily. The point lace on Katherine's gown was much finer than any she had, and she knew very well that the cloak she was buying would never hang as it had on this lovely girl.

"There is no need for you to say anything," she snapped. "I've bought the cloak."

Katherine did not open her lips, although she was very pale, but began making out her sales checks, and was a little comforted when the other, to whom she had sold the green cloak, tried to make her sister apologize.

"Why should I?" sneered the other. "It is an outrage that we have to be brought into contact with such women as she."

"Oh, hush!"

"Well, any one can see her character by her clothes. She has finer clothing and more jewels than I or you. Who is paying for them? Surely not she out of her wages," and the iron began to pierce the tender skin of the pure, high-spirited girl.

Just then she did not entirely understand what was meant, but a cloud came over her high spirits, and she felt like sinking into the floor, when one of the young clerks asked piteously:

"I wish you didn't do it, though I suppose you couldn't earn your money if you didn't. There ain't any chance of your stopping, is there?"

"Stopping what?" Katherine asked quickly.

"Getting your clothes and diamonds like you do."

"Why, what do you mean, Rosy?" she asked a little faintly.

"Why, you know, we all know. Such clothes as yours don't grow on every tree."

"Then you mean you think I am a wicked woman?" Katherine gasped.

"Course, or how could you put up such a show?"

"You all believe it?"

"I guess we do, but I hate to have to."

Katherine paused a moment, then said gently:

"Rosy, please believe me when I tell you that every gown I have worn, each jewel I possess, was bought honestly and given me by my father."

Katherine's eyes were filled with tears, but the shallow ones of the world-worn clerk sparkled as she laughed back:

"Oh, but you are a good one!"

"Then you don't believe me?"

"Not any such dope," came with a sneer, and Katherine left the floor without permission, and for the second time entered Mr. Mason's door that day. She forgot to knock, and found him alone.

"Congratulations on the gray cloak," he said, looking up. Perhaps he had better give her commissions on such sales.

"I have not come for that, Mr. Mason."

"No, what then?"

"This. I have been told several times today that because I have some fashionable gowns and a few jewels I am regarded as an infamous creature."

The manager looked at her keenly. That had been his idea until this very day, and he still had his doubts, but the exquisite soul in the girl's eyes, unashamed, decided him, and he held out his hand, saying heartily:

"I know you're all right, my girl," and his fingers closed reverently about her hand.

"Thanks," she said in a low tone.

"But can't you tell me how you have them?"

"Will you keep my secret from every one?"

"From every one," he replied, and then Katherine revealed who she was, and that her garments and jewels were her sole possessions, and that it seemed as though by herself she could do nothing in the way of earning a living.

The manager looked at her intently. Never before did he long for his freedom so ardently so as to offer this charming girl a refuge from the cruel world, always ready to jibe, but it was impossible. Then he asked quietly:

"You will not feel like wearing your gowns again, will you?"

"I cannot, and because I will be stripped of them, all I knew about the business isn't worth anything," and to this Mason had to bow his head. He put aside all his own disappointment and tried to think how he could help her, and at last he asked:

"Know anything about singing?"

"Thousands have been put on my voice, but it appears of no use. I cannot teach."

"Did you ever act?" and then suddenly he remembered a delicate bit of a color scheme carried out for a charity with beautiful faces, and this one face which had always appeared familiar, as the center.

"I see, Miss Graham, that you cannot stay here, or go into another cloak room. You are too far above this work, but I have a friend who is running a theatrical stock company. His leading lady has eloped, and he is on his uppers for some one who can act society parts. I'll dictate a letter about you and see him tonight. You take this letter tomorrow morning, and wear that brown dress you wore when you came to see me. I suppose you have plenty of evening dresses?"

"Oh, yes, but what of that? It will be the same old story of earning my living with my clothes," Katherine said wearily.

Then Mr. Mason rose to his part, and probably was more eloquent than ever before:

"What of that? Don't we all have to do that? An actress has to have fine clothes. These stock actresses can't afford them, but lots of society girls can. I am going to envelop you in a mystery, and for the sake of having some really good clothes on his stage he will prop you up in your part. As for it, I rather guess that you can deliver the goods. All you will have to do is to be yourself—a real lady. Suppose I give you another name? It's a little dangerous going about with your own, if you don't want people to know who you are."

Katherine gave him so grateful a look that he was upset, but recovering, pulled his paper toward him and wrote a few lines.

"I have called you 'Violet Villiars.' My mother's name was Violet."

Her eyes blinded with tears, Katherine took the letter, and stooping pressed a kiss upon the hand held out to her so sympathetically, and then left his office and the store forever.

The only explanation Mr. Mason ever gave was:

"She was above her job, and when she found something better she probably flew-de-coop," but in his heart lingered a very tender feeling for the girl who had taught him how pure and good a girl can be, no matter what her surroundings.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LOVE THAT NEVER DIES.

Wisdom Stanford leaned his head a little wearily upon his hand and repeated a question he had asked:

"Now, I want your full accounting with the Graham estate."

"So you have been appointed receiver?" returned his friend Jack Loftus.

"Yes."

"But I say, Stanford, I understand you are settling one hundred cents on the dollar."

"I am."

"How?"

"Our money contains one hundred cents on each dollar, doesn't it?"

"You are fencing."

Stanford laughed a little roughly as he asked:

"What is it you want to know?"

"How you can settle as you are doing out of an utterly ruined estate. We would be glad to get twenty per cent."

"You will not refuse the full amount owing?"

"No, but Stanford, I have an idea."

Stanford looked a little annoyed as he suggested:

"Better keep it to yourself."

"How much are you paying out of your own pocket, old man?"

Stanford flushed a deep red, twisted, then said brusquely:

"It is no man's business where, when or how, just so it's honest."

Jack Loftus smiled, then slapped his friend on the shoulder:

"Stan, you're a trump, but there is something back of it all."

"Something back?"

Jack laughed this time, and twisting Stanford's face so he could look into the honest, true eyes, he said delightedly:

"You're in love."

He expected expostulations, denials, perhaps a modest boast or two, but not the steady lines about the mouth, the brooding fire in the eyes or the deepening tones in the voice, as Stanford said earnestly:

"I am."

"With——"

"Never mind with whom. I have lost her, probably forever, but I imagine," unconsciously betraying the identity of his sweetheart, "that her realization of her father's guilt stands between us. When I can say to her: 'Your father's nhme is as clear as mine.' I believe she will be grateful at least, and her poor little heart will be eased."

"You will break yourself, you great-souled old fellow," Jack cried with admiration.

"No, I have plenty, and enough to spare for all our needs, if she will have me, and more than I can ever spend if she don't."

"Where is she now?" Jack asked, his voice lowered as though speaking of the dead.

"That's the strain; I don't know," Stanford cried. "Once I thought I had a trace of her, but it all melted into air."

"Where was she?"

"Acting as housemaid."

"Oh, it wasn't she!" Jack said smiling. "A young lady of her refinement would never have gone into anything like that."

"What could she do? Poor, tenderly-reared little flower! I think it was brave and noble of her to try."

"How did you lose her?"

"I went there to dinner, and she, seeing me, ran away."

"Where?"

"That's it, God knows, where? I cannot eat or sleep, only this business keeps my senses from taking leave of me," and he turned to the window, trying to gain control of himself, when the door burst open and a delicately beautiful lady came flying in, kissed Jack and exclaimed all in one voice:

"Oh, Jacky, I want a lot of money!"

"All right, how much?"

"Better come along with your check book, and then we both can see if it is true," and she gave a delicious little gasp, and seated herself in the chair Stanford had been occupying, not noticing the guest.

"And what is the mystery?" Jack

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Valuable Advice and Recipe by a Noted Authority

The following simple prescription, writes noted authority, should be made known every family. While it is a simple home-de mixture, it forms a powerful tonic d vitalizing agent to the Kidneys, forcg them to filter and eliminate from the ood all acids and waste, restoring the l count, or 95 per cent, of Red Corpuscles. ere it is, and now is the time to take

Fluid Extract Dandelion one-half nce, Compound Kargon one ounce, Comund Syrup Sarsaparilla three ounces. The se is one teaspoonful after meals and at dtime. These harmless ingredients can obtained at nominal cost from any good armacy, and any one can mix them at me by shaking well in a bottle.

Noted medical authorities now recognize is as a blood cleanser and system nic *par excellence*, because of its gentle ough almost certain action in the treatent of Rheumatism, skin and facial erupons and other miserable Blood afflictions r which the Kidneys are responsible. At is time of year the blood becomes sour d filled with poisons and acids, which e skin pores failed to eliminate during e cold weather, adding this additional ork to the Kidneys, which, overtaxed, beme inactive and sluggish and require just ch an Invigorant or Regulator.

Mix this and try it, and note the remarkable improvement in your health.

---

laughed, giving his friend as long as possible to recover before exposing him to his wife's sharp eyes.

"Why, you know I told you the other day that the ladies of our whist club were talking about a cloak model over at the Novelty Cloak and Dry Goods Company."

"Jack shook his head.

"You do, too; kiss me, Jack," which Jack did, although Jack hoped his friend would not notice and have his heartstrings wrung anew.

"That beautiful model there, who handles only their finest goods. They are having some lovely things, and this girl wears finer clothes and wears magnificent jewels. They say that she has on her each day more in value than all their cloaks."

"I think you did say something of that kind," Jack agreed, "but what of it?"

The lovely little wife drew nearer to her husband, and with a quiver in her voice continued:

"I have never recovered from the loss of Katherine, and from what I hear I believe it is she!"

"Do you mean what you say?" came in a hoarse voice, and turning Mrs. Loftus looked affrightedly into Wisdom Stanford's blazing eyes.

CHAPTER VII.

A FEW MOMENTS TOO LATE.

"Yes, I am the manager."

"Where is that model of yours?"

"I beg pardon, but we have so many that it is difficult to recognize any by such a name. Were you looking for any one in particular?"

Anticipating Mrs. Loftus, Stanford said quietly:

"We are looking for a very dear friend of ours, Miss Katherine Graham. Descriptions of her make us believe that she has been a cloak model in your establishment."

Mason thought rapidly, and there appeared to be no hesitation in his manner when he replied:

"We have one young lady with a similar name, who has been a little under the weather. Very probably she will be back in a day or two. Yes, indeed, we are sorry to have her away, but it is nothing serious."

"You will give us her address; we want to find her and let her know of our devotion."

Mason felt a little suspicious. How could he tell what these well dressed, elegant people might mean to do, and he said in his most suave manner:

"Sorry I cannot, but she has left none," and then moved away.

"He isn't telling the truth, horrid old thing," Mrs. Loftus said angrily.

Stanford was discouraged, and excusing himself, he left his friends and sauntered about the big building until the close of business hours, when he watched every female face, but with no success.

Night after night he watched, and at last Mason saw him and touched him on the arm.

"You are looking for one of our girls?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Come back in the store with me."

When the office door closed on the two, Mason said quietly:

"Now I'm going to be square with you."

"How am I to know that?" Stanford asked sternly.

"Well, we both belong to the Athletic though you come little enough, and then I see you are all right with regard to this poor girl. She never gave me her address. I took her as an advertisement, and a good one she proved. Then she was insulted by some of the fine ladies my new advertisement attracted here, and she left me."

"Had she done so when we were here?"

"That very day."

"Where is she now?"

Mason wanted to help this young man, but he did not intend to betray Katherine, so he said quietly, looking Stanford straight in the eyes:

"I don't know," and true it was that he was ignorant of her residence address.

"Then I want to ask you one thing more. Is she happy?"

The business man jumped to his feet and returned angrily:

"She happy! How could she be? No, she sat there, poor child, and cried her eyes out. I tell you it's a damn poor system that trains the daughters of the rich so uselessly. They ought to be given one useful trade, art or profession, and taught how to earn bread and butter. As it is, they have to drift into our stores, which are hell-holes."

"And you and your kind help to make them such," cried Stanford.

"No, the dreadful competition. We must offer certain prices to keep up with our competitors. We can't cut our prices without our wages, too, and so it is."

He paused, for he saw that Stanford had no interest in the matter, except as it affected Katherine.

For an instant the young man stood, then said simply:

"I thank you, but I wish I could get her address. You are sure she did not give it to any of her associates?"

"Why, she never mixed with them," Mason replied angrily.

"No? I suppose not; good-bye," and not noticing the outstretched hand, Stanford wandered like one in a dream from the place out into a blinding storm. The worry, anxiety and exposure did their work, and when Jack Loftus, having not heard from him, called at his rooms for him, he found him under the care of two trained nurses, and the best doctor in the city, fighting pneumonia, with but little chance of recovery.

CHAPTER VIII.

A STRONG INDUCEMENT.

Mr. Mason had been obliged to speak very strongly, and even remind the theatrical manager of certain unpaid notes, before he had obtained a hearing for Katherine.

"But, Mason," Thad Turner said almost despairingly, "you see in almost all of our plays we need a leading lady who can pull the play with her own part. She has to be gay, like a little child, and prance about, dangling her sun-hat in the first act; then comes the temptation, and she is weak or strong, as is required, and in the last act she wanders back home and is half a dozen times a prodigal. The old people sit in the audience and shout approval, when in real life they kick the poor devil out, or help themselves to her money. It takes talent, long experience, and so the old girls are really better fitted for a stock part than any one else."

"You have been grinding out the old grist of home scenes. Why don't you try the swell goods?"

"You mean?"

This girl has enough clothes and jewels to run any actress mad, and they are the real goods."

"No, she won't do. I've got to have pretty straight girls. There is so much on the stage that no high-flying can be tolerated."

"You're wrong enough. This is the real thing, a society lady. Never mind how she lost her money, but these clothes and jewels are her stock in trade. I told her I'd put her next to you, but you musn't think that there is anything wrong with her, for there isn't."

Thad Turner looked at his friend a moment, then asked:

"Is this your star model?"

Mason returned the gaze and replied coldly:

"She was."

"I'll take her then, for I saw her several times, and she is the real thing, but why did you let her go?"

"Thought it best," Mason said sharply, then concluded:

"You mustn't say a word to any one about her having been our star model."

"Oh, no, it would spoil her value."

"Her name is Violet Villiars."

"Assumed or real?"

"It's all you'll ever know, but if you treat her right and give her a fair show I'll tear up that note for twenty-five hundred," and with that astonishing offer, Mason walked out of Turner's office, leaving the latter to slap his leg and say:

"He does think something of her, after all."

CHAPTER IX.

TEARS EASIER THAN LAUGHTER.

"Please listen a moment, Auntie Brisby," there was a little of command in the clear young voice.

"You a play actor!"

"Suppose I am? Can you imagine anything much worse than my experience as a housemaid, the things I saw and heard in the slums, or the insults piled up at the store? Are all girls bad? No, I know they are not, just misunderstood. See what they thought and said of me? See what you think and say of those on the stage. Probably your ideas are just as incorrect as theirs; at any rate, I must take the offer. There is more chance for rising in such a life, if I have any ability. I have a good voice, know how to use it; my singing used to attract a good deal of attention among out set, and I can dance, oh, how I can dance!" and catching up the edges of her gown she went twirling about the room, in and out. It was beautiful, even Mrs. Brisby, still sniffling, had to admit, and before the girl stopped, Mrs. Fallows came into the room, the little sitting room Mrs. Brisby and Katherine occupied, each having a bedroom off of it, in Mrs. Fallows' boarding house, and for which they paid the regular price, for Katherine had made up all back money while she was star model.

Mrs. Fallows stood with her hands on her hips, smiling.

"My, that's good!" she said, and Katherine flashed her a bright look.

"I'm no longer a star model," she announced, and outlined the story as quickly as possible, following with the news that she was to become the leading lady of a stock company.

"At last the world is waking up," Mrs. Fallows declared, grinning until she showed every tooth, including the nine capped ones.

"You approve?" cried Mrs. Brisby.

"Why of course; why not?"

"But the child will be stared at."

"Wouldn't she be stared at if she were a society woman? I guess she learned to care little enough about the folks about her there in the store. Just act yourself, pretty, and you'll make a success."

Katherine laughed with a brightness she had never shown since her sorrow had fallen upon her, and cried:

"That's what I thought. It's all I can do. For instance, suppose I come in the room; I do not sweep down to the footlights, take in the number of people in the house, then turn, and with a wooden sweep of my hand, say in a high, reedy voice:

" 'I'm here.' "

Both women were holding their sides.

"No, I'd come in just as I do, run up and kiss, if kissing is the part; make a face, if that is my role, and do it all just as I would do in real life. I cannot give them anything else. If the poor stage man expects acquired airs and graces, well, he'll be sadly disappointed," and she laughed such a merry peal of laughter that Mrs. Fallows, leaning forward, asked:

"Can you manage such a laugh on the stage?"

Katherine thought for a moment, then said quickly:

"I know how I can. There are several funny stories that I dare not think of" (here she began to laugh) "without laughing. Once I thought of one of them at a funeral, it was when I was quite small, and I began to laugh, and you had to take me out, so ashamed, but laughing and half smothered," and Katherine bent almost double at the recollection.

"What was it?" Mrs. Brisby asked, but Katherine dared not tell her, for it was the recollection of her plump face done up in mustard plasters, which growing too warm, refused to be removed. The good woman had jumped about, screaming, and the housemaids had struggled, while Katherine hid for fear that her amusement would offend, for in spite of the system under which she had been reared, she had always been very considerate.

"Can you cry?" Mrs. Fallows asked, and then was sorry for the moment, but then felt relieved when Katherine returned brightly:

"Tears are easier than laughter, it seems; at any rate, I'll do my best," and kissing her two friends, she went off into her bedroom to look after the leading parts in several plays she had, wondering if it were possible that such a change was coming to her.

This romantic story will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. Do not miss the pleasure and instruction of reading it to the end. If you are not already taking the Ledger regularly or if your subscription has expired, we strongly advise you to subscribe at once and get the balance of this fine story, as well as numerous great and thrilling serials that are awaiting publication in this best of all story papers. If the reader would like our splendid President Portraits free, or if you would like six standard patterns without cost, please note the announcement of these premiums on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Then Came the Jars.

"Harold," said the pretty girl after a long pause, "have you any idea as to the cause of the recent earthquakes?"

"Well," replied Harold, "if I thought a woman could understand the——"

"Do you mean to insinuate, sir, that a woman's brain is inferior to the brain of mere man?"

"Oh, no, my dear. I was only wondering if you were familiar with the influence of Jupiter and——"

"Jupiter? How absurd! Why, Jupiter is a planet. We were talking about earthquakes."

"Just so, pet, but the conjunction of the moon and Jupiter was the conceded cause of the earthquakes——"

"Jupiter and the moon? How ridiculous! Why, the moon is millions of miles away from Jupiter. How could they come in collision?"

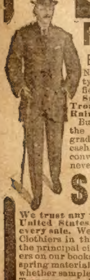
"I didn't say collision, my dear. I said——"

"Yes, you did, sir, and no gentleman would interrupt or correct a lady. I think you are the rudest man I ever met. I shall never speak to you again!"

Outside the Limits.

Higgins—Is it true that you now have your office outside the city limits?

Wiggins—I guess so. It's located in the top story of a skyscraper.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Buy direct from the factory—save the middleman's profit. Get high grade, up-to-date clothing at lowest cash store prices, and pay in small convenient payments that you will never miss.
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We trust any worthy person anywhere in the United States. Satisfaction guaranteed on every sale. We are twice over the largest Credit Clothiers in the world. We operate 72 stores in the principal cities and have over 800,000 customers on our books. Send today for free samples of spring materials and price list. In writing, state whether samples of Suits, Topcoats, Raincoats or Trousers are desired and whether for man or youth. This is important. Commercial rating $1,000,000.
MENTER & ROSENBLOOM CO., 6 St. Paul St. Rochester, N.Y.

A FINE
Deafness Treatment
FREE
Do you realize the terrible fate which is staring you in the face? Do you know what total Deafness means? It means a living death. Shut out from all human intercourse—the worlds of business and pleasure, life becomes a fearful blank.
Will you suffer this untold misery and loneliness when you may have your full sense of hearing, quick and acute? I have rescued thousands from Deafness. I can rescue YOU, if you come before it is too late.
Because I have been so successful in curing Deafness, and because my heart aches for its victims, I am going to GIVE AWAY a Free Treatment for Deafness to every sufferer who asks for it. Surely this is a present worth having. Out of my sincere desire to relieve human suffering, and out of the consciousness of my power to cure Deafness, I gladly make you this gift. My treatment has cured thousands of people of the most distressing, wearing head-noises and restored their full perfect hearing. Write for the treatment today, and give me the opportunity to show how YOU MAY BE CURED, RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME.
All I ask is that you will act Now. Don't hesitate or it may be too late to help you. My success has been great, and applicants for treatment are many, so that I can only make this offer a very short time. Remember this treatment for Deafness is given to you without any charge whatever. It is absolutely free. Send off Now, in this mail, a post card or letter request with your name and address upon it, and I will send you free treatment for Deafness.
DEAFNESS SPECIALIST SPROULE,
306 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

MOTHERS BED-WETTING CURED. Sample Free. DR. F. MAY, Box O43 Bloomington, Ill.

FREE BEAUTIFUL POST CARD ALBUM. Send 2c stamp for particulars, Columbian Card Co., Dept. 4, Bridgeport, Conn.

$100.00 CASH Given Away. Send an order and receive $100.00. Send dime before May 1st for reg. $1.00 Chromotype and terms. O. DE LONG, Genesso, Ill.

WE PAY 12c for 1800 nickels; 22c for 1891 dimes; 41c for 3-cent pieces, any year. NAT'L COIN EX., 863 St. Louis Ave., CHICAGO

20 ELEGANT ASSORTED SOUVENIR POST CARDS and our 20th Century Catalogue 10c
M. E. TICE & CO., 69 QUINCY STREET, BROOKLYN

A SONG "HIT" will make you rich. Send us your poems. Cash or Royalty for available manuscript. WAINWRIGHT MUSIC CO., 78-73 Evergreen av., CHICAGO

CARDS Send 2c stamp for New SAMPLE BOOK of all the FINEST Styles in Gold Beveled Edge, Hidden Name, Silk Fringe, Envelope and Calling Cards for 1907. We sell GENUINE CARDS, Not Trash. UNION CARD CO., B 22, Columbus, Ohio

PAINTING AND WHITEWASHING MACHINE. Does the work of 20 men with brushes, and does it better. Send for Catalogue No. 11, which is free. J. A. Del Solar, 108 Fulton Street, New York, N. Y.

THE "RETROSCOPE" latest novelty, see what others do without their knowing. Lots of fun. To introduce our goods, will send one and catalogue latest novelties for only five stamps. R.W. Hall Co., Bx. 1598, Philadelphia

PILES CONSTIPATION If you are afflicted with Constipation or Piles in any form, write to me at once, and I will tell you how I cured myself after 15 years' suffering. F. E. PRICE, No. 4 E. McMillan Street, CINCINNATI, Ohio

MAKE MONEY BY RAISING POULTRY. Pleasant and Profitable Work. We will send "Poultry Lessons for the Amateur," postage prepaid, with each yearly subscription to COMMERCIAL POULTRY, at fifty cents a year. Send for free sample. Box 33, Commercial Poultry Publishing Company, Marseilles, Ill.

THIS 'TEDDY' BEAR STICK PIN FREE Newest thing out. Everybody wants one. Beautifully electro-nickel plated. Very attractive to wear in neck-tie. Send 6c to cover cost of mailing pin and our handsome catalog, containing all latest novelties and tricks. Write today before supply is gone. W. C. BEEDE, Dept. A, MAYWOOD, ILL.

OPPORTUNITIES IN A NEW COUNTRY.
An invaluable leaflet for the homeseeker and the investor has just been published by the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY. It describes the country along the new railway extension from Glenham, Walworth County, South Dakota, to Butte, Montana. Sent to any address for two cent stamp by F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, or W. S. Howell, General Eastern Agent, 381 Broadway, New York

Cancer Cured.
No Knife, No Pain.
People I have cured of cancer prove the astonishing results of my treatment. Peter Keagan, Galesburg, Ill., writes: "It is only a question of time—I must die." Doctors said "no hope." My new method was used and today Mr. Keagan's cancer of the throat is healed and he is well. I have made wonderful cures without pain, operation, sticky balms, oils or plasters. My treatment is clean and wholesome. It gives instant relief from the smarting, itching and terrible burning pain, destroys the offensive odor and has cured cases given up by the family physician and specialists. If you have cancer or have a friend who has cancer, write me today. Full information, proofs, and advice given without charge. Address DR. RUPERT WELLS, 2655 Radol Bldg., St. Louis, Missouri.

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GENTS OR LADIES SIZE
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AND STEM SET
OUR PRICES ON ELGIN, WALTHAM and Dueber Hampden watches, warranted 20 years, are the lowest. Before you buy it will not cost you a cent to examine this great bargain, a genuine ELGIN, WALTHAM or DUEBER HAMPDEN gold filled watch $6.50. Send your name, post office and express office address, and we will send you C.O.D. for examination this beautiful engraved, double hunting case gold filled watch, warranted to wear and keep its color, stem wind and stem set, fitted with a genuine Elgin, Waltham, or Dueber Hampden movement, with the name on the dial, ruby jeweled, expansion balance, patent hair spring, Ladies or Gents size. These watches are well known as the best timekeepers in the world, everyone warranted. You examine it at your express office. If as represented pay express agent our special price $6.50 and express charges and it is yours. Mention which works you prefer and if you want Gents or Ladies size. Address M. C. FARBER, D 26. 225 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

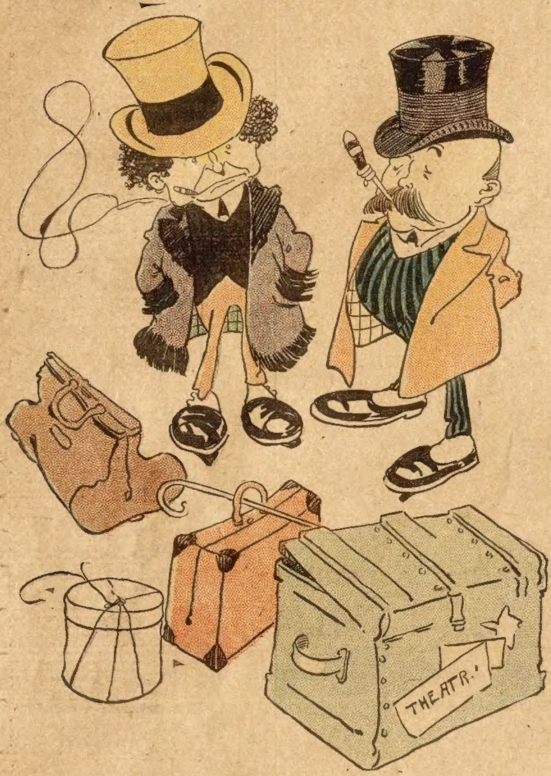
When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

Little Bobby on Bees.

Little Bobby wrote an essay on bees as follows:

"The bee is a queer sort of an insect, that gives people a few points that they don't appreciate. The queen bee bosses the hive, just like ma bosses our house. The drone bee is like pa; he don't care much about work. There are other kinds of bees, including political bees, quilting bees and husking bees. But the best bees of all are the kissing bees. There is a kissing bee in our parlor every Sunday night and I get a nickel not to tell about it. When it comes to a choice of bees, give me a kissing bee every time."

JoKES AND



De Flatte—Of course, you don't like Easter. You're jealous of it.
Romeo De Hasbeen (the actor)—Jealous?
De Flatte—Yes. It's coming created a greater demand for eggs than yours does.

Why He Came.

In one of the most aristocratic suburbs of Philadelphia there is a woman who is becoming famous for the lavishness of her afternoon entertainments to her friends, but the tremendous amount of ceremony attaching to each function renders it so slow that few would accept the invitations if they could refuse without giving offense to the wealthy and influential hostess. At a recent gathering of this nature a young business man came in late, and, making his way to his hostess, greeted her and apologized for his lateness.

"I'm delighted to see you," was the cordial reply; "it's so good of you to come. But where is your brother?"

"Oh, he asked me to tell you how sorry he was that he could not come. You see, we are so busy now, it's impossible for us to get away together, so we tossed up to see which of us should come."

"How nice! What a capital idea! And you won?"

"No," said the young man absently, "I lost."

Rather Soapy.

Stubb—That barber told me a remarkable yarn while he was shaving me. He said one day he shaved the "ossified man" from the museum and sparks of fire leaped from the razor.

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

WANTED YOUNG MEN

Fireman | Passenger Brakeman | Letter Carrier
Electrician | Electric Motorman | Locomotive
Porter | Railway Mail Clerk | Engineering

Prepare yourself at home. Positions open in every state. Name position for sample lesson. INTER RY. CORR. INST. Dept. A, INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

Hard to Breathe.

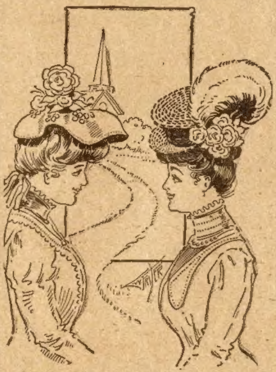
Jonah was trying to explore the interior of the whale. "My, but this is a stuffy place," mused Jonah. "I wonder what it reminds me of?"

Then, after a pause:

"Oh, yes; it is exactly like the New York subway."

And then Jonah began to gasp for breath.

Those Easter Bonnets.



Maude—I like the blossom on your hat, dear, it's a peach!

Cora—Yes, dearie, and the feather on yours is a bird!

Rather Queer.

"Queer thing about obligations," remarked the thoughtful thinker.

"What's queer about them?" queried the dense party.

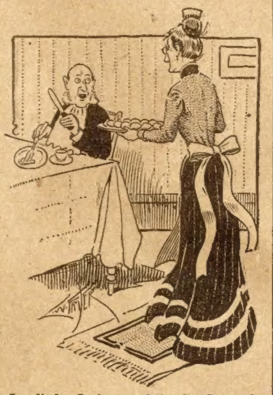
"Why," explained the thoughtful thinker, "when a man is unable to meet them they meet him at every turn."

A Man of Enterprise.

"Ah, darling," sighed the rejected swain, "this is too much! I cannot live without you."

"Well," said her brother, who had entered at the moment, "I hope you'll not forget that I am an undertaker."

Wanted to Know.



Landlady—In honor of the day I am giving you Easter eggs for breakfast.

The Guileless One—Very nice, indeed. Er—which Easter do they date from?

Woman of Experience.

Mrs. Smith—I hear Mrs. Woods is going to marry a farmer and live in the country.

Mrs. Jones—Well, she ought to make good as a farmer's wife.

Mrs. Smith—I don't see why. She has always lived in town.

Mrs. Jones—True; but as this is her sixth matrimonial venture she evidently knows all about husbandry.

GOOD NATURED AGAIN

Good Humor Returns With Change to Proper Food.

"For many years I was a constant sufferer from indigestion, and nervousness amounting almost to prostration," writes a Montana man.

"My blood was impoverished, the vision was blurred and weak, with moving spots before my eyes. This was a steady daily condition. I grew ill-tempered, and eventually got so nervous I could not keep my books posted, nor handle accounts satisfactorily. I can't describe my sufferings.

"Nothing I ate agreed with me, till one day I happened to notice Grape-Nuts in a grocery store, and bought a package, out of curiosity to know what it was.

"I liked the food from the very first, eating it with cream, and now I buy it by the case and use it daily. I soon found that Grape-Nuts food was supplying brain and nerve force as nothing in the drug line ever had done or could do.

"It wasn't long before I was restored to health, comfort and happiness. Through the use of Grape-Nuts food my digestion has been restored, my nerves are steady once more, my eyesight is good again, my mental faculties are clear and acute, and I have become so good-natured that my friends are truly astonished at the change. I feel younger and better than I have for 20 years. No amount of money would induce me to surrender what I have gained through the use of Grape-Nuts food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Patriotic Colors.

"How is the baby, Mrs. A.?"

"Oh, I am dreadfully worried about him. You see, that careless nurse left him too near the steam radiator and he actually turned red."

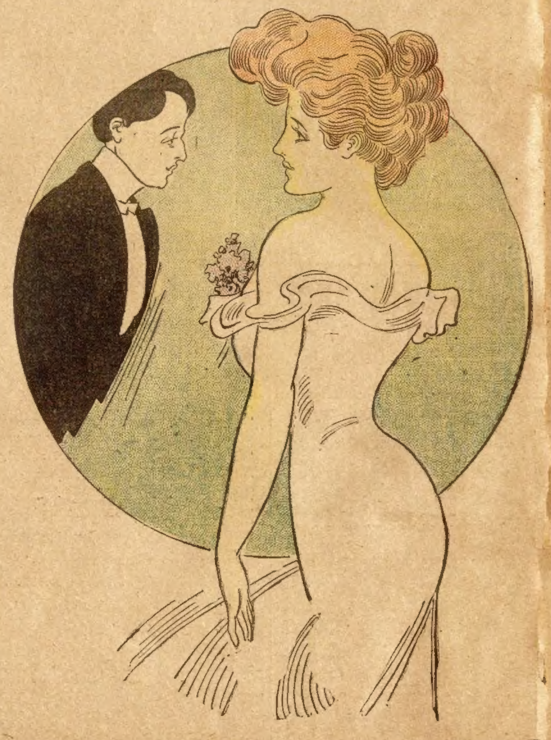
"Gracious!"

"Then we rushed him out in the cool air and he turned white."

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes, and when we gave him his bath he turned blue."

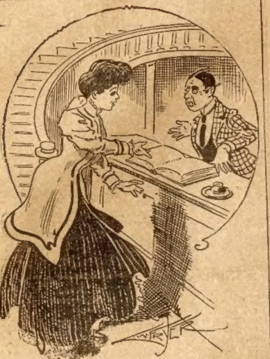
"Oh, I wouldn't worry over him. He is just a genuine American baby. Hurrah for the 'Red, White and Blue.' "



Hattie—Do you believe that the glad Easter festival we are celebrating was really suggested by the heathen customs?

Harry—Believe it? I know it. The heathen are alive yet, too, most of 'em making out bills for Easter bonnets.

JOLLITY



The Lady—My Easter hat was delivered here and hasn't been sent to my room. Where is it?

Hotel Clerk—Heavens, miss! Was that your hat? I thought it was a lamp shade, and told the chambermaid to put it on the table lamp in your parlor. I—I—I'm sorry.

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

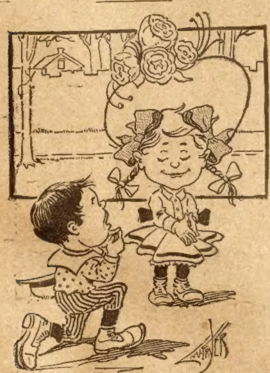
No Room for Doubt.

"My dear," said Newed, sniffing suspiciously, "these eggs are not fresh."

"You must be mistaken, dearest," replied Mrs Newed. "The grocer's boy brought them this morning."

A Dainty Little Maid.

Every one ought to have her. She is dressed in pretty colors and changes the color of her skirt herself when it is going to rain. She indicates when it is wise to take an umbrella or when you can do without. She is the simplest and best of barometers. She is an ornament, a good seller for agents, a pretty gift, a good business souvenir and useful to any one. She or one of her sisters comes postpaid with full directions for only 10 cents. W. P. Randolph & Co., 78 Dearborn St., Chicago.



The Lady—Aha! de Easter bonnit dun de business. I know'd I'd ketch him wid it.

Natural Evidence.

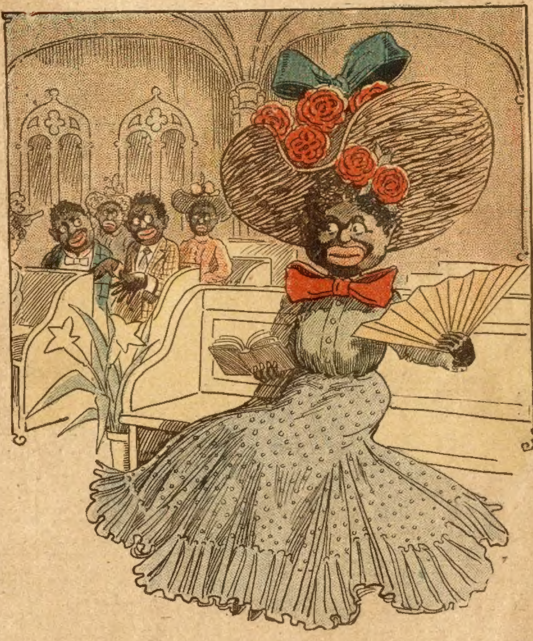
Eva—Why, Katharine, your hair is all mussed up?

Katharine—Yes, dear; you—you see, Jack stole up and snatched a dozen kisses before I could scream.

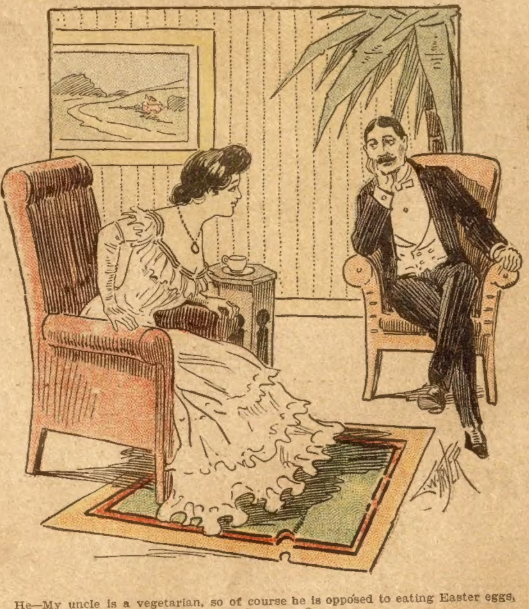
Eva—But why don't you step in front of a mirror and rearrange your hair?

Katharine—Gracious! Why, I wouldn't do it for the world. Why, none of the girls would believe he kissed me.

MELINDY'S EASTER HAT.



Ah seen Melindy ez she sat
  T'day alone in huh church pew.
Melindy got de swelles hat—
  She got dat hat fuh Eastah, too.
De preachuh tell how Adam bit
  De fruit an' los' de garden fair,
But Lindy got dat garden yet
  Hit perch on top huh kinky hair.—McGrath.



He—My uncle is a vegetarian, so of course he is opposed to eating Easter eggs.
She—And so his little children can't have any?
He—He has tried to compromise by offering them hand-painted egg plant.

Revised.

Of modern philosophy
  Here is a peep;
Beauty is oftentimes
  Only clothes deep!

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of The Ledger will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

AGENTS learn to fit glasses by sending for our Free Book on the eye; it will tell you all about it. A business that pays you from $75.00 to $150.00 per month without fail; the optical profession will do it for you. No field so pleasant, profitable or so little worked. No longer necessary to work for some one else at a meager salary. Every agent should have this VALUABLE BOOK. It costs you nothing and tells all about fitting glasses and where to get the best supplies at wholesale prices. Address JACKSONION OPTICAL COLLEGE, Dept. F, JACKSON, MICHIGAN

$25 PER WEEK AND TRAVELING EXPENses paid salesmen to sell goods to dealers; experience unnecessary. PURITY D. C. CO., Chicago

$41.00 per Week and Expenses to man with rig to introduce our Poultry Goods. Eureka Manufacturing Co., Dept. L, Navasota, Tex.

$36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES TO MEN with rigs to introduce our Poultry Goods. JAVELLE CO., Dept. 29, PARSONS, Kansas

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. Year's contract. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., DEPT. 1 PARSONS, KANS.

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. HERBENE AGENCY Co., Box 282, Sta'n L, New York

SELL TOBACCO AND CIGARS. Locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Full time or side line. Steady work. Good pay. Promotion. Address HOROTOCK TOBACCO WORKS, Box P13, DANVILLE, Va.

$1.00 AN HOUR Introducing Electric Combs, Brushes, and other Fast Sellers; Samples Free to Good Agents. Dr. C. L. HULL, 1431 Penn Ave., PITTSBURG, PA.

WANTED Good Man in each county to represent and advertise Hardware Department, put out samples, etc. Salary $21.00 weekly. Expense money advanced. Dept. L 22, The Columbia House, Chicago

$100 A MONTH and traveling expenses paid men to place Pepto-Protein (for stock and poultry) with dealers. Experience unnecessary. *Expenses advanced.* A. DAREL CO., PARSONS, Kansas.

AUTOMATIC FISH HOOKS Catches two fish to common hook's one. Fish are caught by even touching bait. Write today for our ONE HOOK FREE offer. Agents wanted. Hawk Specialty Co., Dept. 40, Des Moines, Ia.

Fish Will Bite Like hungry wolves all the season if you use Magic Fish Lure. Best fish bait ever invented. You catch a big string of fish every time you go fishing. Write today and get a box to help introduce it. Agents Wanted. J. F Gregory, 3319 Oregon Ave., St. Louis, Mo

SHAKER SIFTER Sent with 4 other attractive novelties Free to Agents. One hand shaking this sifter works the internal mechanism. Good material and wears well. Catalog free. Dept. AL Household Novelty Works, 25 Randolph St., Chicago

ENERGETIC MEN WANTED in every locality throughout the United States to advertise our goods, tacking up show-cards on trees, fences and along roads; also distributing small advertising matter. Commission or salary $83 per month and expenses $4 per day. Steady employment; no experience necessary. Write for particulars. Address Wm. R. Warner Medicine Co., London, Canada

AGENTS WANTED

We want Agents to sell Our Made-To-Order Suits and Pants. Suits from $10.00 up. Pants $3.00 up. We will give liberal commission to the right men. If you are interested, write at once for sample outfit, particulars and territory. Warrington Woolen & Worsted Mills, Dept. 15, Chicago, Ill.

'07 ARMAC MOTOR-CYCLES Ready for immediate delivery. AGENTS wanted in all open territory. Send for Cats. and terms. 3 H.P., simple to operate; always reliable. Get your name on our mailing list. ARMAC MOTOR CO., 472 CARROLL AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.

MAKE MONEY EASY Agents wanted in every county to sell the popular Novelty Knives with name, address, photo, lodge emblem etc., on handle. Send stamp for catalogue. AGENTS EARN $75 to $300 A MONTH. (We show you how.) Big profits—quick sales—exclusive territory. Write quick for our liberal money making special offer to agents. Our new self-sharpening scissors are the quickest sellers for lady agents. NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 23 BAR STREET., CANTON, O.

BIG MAIL FREE! Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST, INDIANA, Indiana County, PENNA.

AGENTS Need no Money to go into the Picture Business. Everything furnished FREE, including a big expensive Set of Samples. Portraits 35c, Frames 15c and all art goods at Lowest Prices. 30 Days Credit to agents. Many poor but honest men clear from $1,200 to $3,000 a year under our Plan, fully explained in big Catalogue now ready. We start you in the Picture Business with everything needed. Why Not Try at our expense? CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT & FRAME CO., 290-338 W. ADAMS ST., CHICAGO.

LEONE'S LOVERS;
Or
DRAWLEY'S CRIME.

By THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR RENHART'S WIFE," etc.

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 9, March 2. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XV.
LEONE'S FATE.

Leone, brave forest girl that she was, realized what it was to be a deserted bride. It is impossible to describe her feelings.

Memories of the past rushed over her like an avalanche. Her disobedience to her father's wishes and her headstrong acts where the handsome Lupine was concerned, filled her with wild regrets.

For days the girl was in a fever of dread and excitement. She knew not which way to turn. Colonel Lupine was a myth; Casper had lied to her, had robbed her of all the hard earnings of a lifetime, and left her to perish or do worse on the streets of a great city.

The girl searched the city thoroughly and in the end gave over her hunt for the villain who had deceived and deserted her. She could see now that it was the money the villain was after. He never loved her, that was plain. And now she knew she had not loved him. Her infatuation had been a silly girl's madness. It was merely of the hour. In three days of passionate walking and weeping Leone Gannon had met with a change. She read herself aright, and hated that self as well as the man who had disgraced her.

As to returning to her home and the old father in the lonely house at Highup, that was out of the question. The girl's pride would never let her do anything of that kind.

After a week of futile search Leone settled down to a new life. She found employment in a madam's boarding house and set herself the task of forgetting. She was not of the kind to die of a broken heart. She would live, and some day meet and wring vengeance from Fate.

Once, in the hot little room all alone, with night stars glittering in the steel-blue heavens, Leone sat by an open window and contemplated the past. The finger itched on which had been pressed a ring, not the one Lupine had given on her wedding night; that was a mass of bent and twisted gold, flung in the deepest gutter of the town. A ring that an honest man had put there once upon a time long to be remembered.

With her hot cheeks pressed into her hands Leone fell asleep and dreamed of Sinley Towers. On that other man she never even wasted so much as a dream. She was in the old woods at home. Again she knelt above the spring in Crystal Dell and saw the happy face of a heart-free girl. Then, too, came that other face so like and yet unlike that of the man who had deceived her—Alfred Drawley's. She wondered if he had fallen into the hands of the Philistines. She hated his face now, and pitied Alice because of her love for the fugitive murderer.

Leone awoke with a start and the name of Sinley Towers falling from her lips. It was daylight. Poor child! All the night through she had crouched on the floor by the open window and lived in dreams the wild and happy life of the past.

With a low smothered cry she started up. A face looked up at her from the street. The sight sent a wave of wild feeling to the heart of the girl.

Another minute and she was on the street running wildly in pursuit of a pedestrian. It was his face that had sent here tearing to the street.

She overtook and caught the man by the arm.

He turned and faced her—Casper Lupine!

It was indeed he, little changed from the smooth and oily-tongued rascal of a month ago. He started, halted and stared.

"My God, Leone!" he gasped.

She clung tightly to his shoulder and hid her face against the cloth.

"I have been searching far and near for you, my precious," said he, stroking her fluffy red-gold hair with a gentle touch. "I have been wild with fear for your safety, have in fact hunted the city high and low. It was cruel of you to desert me as you did, Leone."

That voice, low and sweet as a lute, touched her heart and banished all revengeful thoughts from the girl's brain.

"Oh, Casper," she murmured, "how could you leave me so long? I have been almost dead——"

"Hush, my darling," he broke in, still stroking the bared head of his wife. "There has been a terrible mistake."

And think you she believed him?

It was better to believe and stand before the world an honored wife. Leone wanted to believe that a mistake had been made. When Lupine assured her that he had found his father, and that all had been forgiven, she was thrilled with a new hope and life.

"But the colonel was not in Washington," explained the man. "For that matter he is not now. The movements of my parents have been without my knowledge. Mother is in Europe with a married sister, and father is out West looking after some Government business of a military nature. It is all very unfortunate, very."

And to this the girl agreed.

There were some things she could not quite understand, things that he assured her he would explain later. His account of his movements was plausible, and she found it necessary to trust him once again.

They walked back to the boarding house. Leone stole up to her room, secured a few valuables of her own and sallied forth to join her husband.

"We will go directly home," he said.

He did not call a hack, but walked instead. Leone was too deeply relieved to notice this. She could have walked across the continent with him at her side, this man she was hating so a few hours ago.

In a fashionable part of the city Lupine ran up the steps of a big dwelling and rang. No answer being vouchsafed he turned and led the way to the rear.

"The servants are out, it seems," said he.

"And is this——"

"Colonel Thomas Lupine's residence, Leone—your future home. Can we not be happy here, think you?"

He was smiling into her face now. Yes, she could be happy anywhere with Casper. She was sorry for her wicked heart. His ring had been flung to the gutter in a fit of rage and despair. How silly she had been. He remarked the absence of the ring.

She explained with blushes and tears of shame.

"It's nothing," he said. "I can get another easy enough."

He kissed her and led her through a back way, up into the interior of the grand house. So much splendor dazzled the little maid of Highup.

"And it is all yours to do as you choose," said he. He seated her in a big Morris chair, flung off her hat and stood admiring her flushed and happy face. There was a sense of gloom in the high-ceiled room, yet it was grand enough to win the approval of Leone. Her husband chatted glibly all the while, telling of the great joys in store for them both.

"I am afraid you will have trouble in managing the servants, you not being used to such authority," said he laughing.

"Are there so many of them, Casper?"

"A hundred, more or less."

"Mercy! what can one want with so many? I shall feel like a general commanding an army."

"More like a head nurse in a great hospital, I should think," returned he.

It was all very nice, and so interesting. She to be for months the mistress of this grand old mansion! The thought was dizzying. Thrilled to the tips of her fingers with happiness, Leone was not willing to deny her brilliant lord and master anything. He said that he would go out and call on some of the officials and speak with them about his father, the colonel."

"And I will go with you," cried joyous Leone, springing up blithely.

"Oh, no, my dear."

He led her to a chair and again seated her.

"Minerva, the head of the house during mamma's absence, will soon come in. You must be here to receive her. She has her instructions, and will bow to anything you decide upon. Now, I leave you for a half hour to get ready for your new duties. The room off this has a splendid wardrobe where you can fit yourself in gorgeous gowns galore."

He kissed her sweetly and left her alone.

He had not been gone a minute ere Leone sprang up and ran after.

She passed outside into a wide and dingy court. Casper was not in sight. From here she made her way upon the street. Up and down the big thoroughfare she looked in vain for her master. There were pedestrians, but none resembled Lupine.

"Why did I let him go?" she wailed. "But then, I am such a ninny."

She went back to the house only to encounter a big black woman, who demanded her business. When the girl explained the colored woman laughed grimly.

"Dis ain't no Kunnel Lupone's house, dis ain't."

"Well, but it is," insisted Leone. "He said——"

"Dunno nuffin' what he said, but dis yere's Senator Blacklane's place; he done gon' to de sea for de summer——"

"Deceived again!"

With a great cry Leone tottered and went from the place.

She was staggering like a drunken woman when the street was reached.

Everything whirled in a dizzy waltz. A strong arm caught her as she fell, and a big, handsome man bent a solicitous gaze into her deathly face.

CHAPTER XVI.
AN ACCIDENT AND A REVELATION.

A man and woman sat in a room off the parlor of a small hotel—Sinley Towers and Leone Gannon.

"It is no use urging, Mr. Towers, I shall never set foot in Highup again."

DON'T BE FAT.

My New Obesity Reducer Quickly Reduces Your Weight to Normal, Requires No Starvation Process and Is Absolutely Safe.

TRIAL PACKAGE MAILED FREE.

My new Obesity Reducer, taken at mealtime, compels perfect assimiliation of the food and sends the food nutriment where it

The Above Illustration Shows the Remarkable Effects of This Wonderful Obesity Reducer—What It Has Done For Others It Can Do For You.

belongs. It requires no starvation process. You can eat all you want. It makes muscle, bone, sinew, nerve and brain tissue, and quickly reduces your weight to normal. It takes off the big stomach and relieves the compressed condition and enables the heart to act freely and the lungs to expand naturally and the kidneys and liver to perform their functions in a natural manner. You will feel better the first day you try this wonderful home food. Fill out coupon herewith and mail to-day.

FREE

This coupon is good for one trial package of Kellogg's Obesity Reducer with testimonials from hundreds who have been greatly reduced, mailed free in plain package. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to

F. J. KELLOGG, 1 Kellogg Bldg.,
Battle Creek, Mich.

MUSICAL HANDBOOK FREE

Write us what musical instrument you are interested in and we will send you a copy. Contains illustrations, descriptions and the lowest prices on 25,000 instruments and supplies of artistic musical quality. Also much valuable information. Our name for 44 years has been the standard.

Pianos, Violins, Mandolins, Band Instruments, Talking Machines, etc.

Everything known in music is sold by us. Write today. World's Largest Music House

Lyon & Healy, 83 Adams St., Chicago

$5.00 DRESSES ANY MAN

FREE TRIAL OFFER

I WILL give you my splendid outfit on a 60-day free trial entirely at my own risk, providing you are the first from your locality to accept my generous offer. I have always sold these splendid Outfits to dealers, but this season, commencing with this very day, I have made up my mind to sell direct to the wearer and save every man the enormous profit that has always gone into the pocket of the dealer. To make my new plan a success right from the start I decided to place with one reliable person in each community my complete outfit for $5.00 and not one cent more.

This is my stylish ten-piece Outfit — 1 Stylishly tailored suit, 1 President dress shirt, 1 King Edward cap, 1 pair Empire suspenders, 1 pair mend-proof hose, 1 Chesterfield tie, 3 fine handkerchiefs, 1 set gold buttons.

To be safe in securing this offer send at once for tape, order blank, etc., for I can give to but one in a locality at this advertising price.

HON. ALTON F. MILLS, President
CANADA MILLS CO., Dept. 8B. GREENVILLE, MICH.

SEPARATOR FREE

$19.75

FOR A TWO MONTHS' TRIAL

Write and ask for our New Cream Separator Catalogue with all offers.

WE WILL GLADLY SEND YOU A CREAM SEPARATOR; you can use it sixty days, and if you are not sure you have received the best separator in the world, the trial won't cost you one cent. Write for our new Cream Separator Catalogue and learn of THIS GREAT OFFER. $19.75 buys our wonderful 1907 model Dundee Cream Separator, the equal of any machine sold by anyone else up to $40.00. Our Improved Economy Cream Separator, slightly higher in price than our Dundee is guaranteed the best separator made, regardless of name or price, and is sold at a small part of the price others ask for high grade separators; and we guarantee our Economy to have greater capacity, to skim closer, skim colder milk, run easier and not get out of order; wear longer than any other machine in the market. We guarantee it 20 years, take care of it for you from the day you receive it, and will always furnish you any needed repair or part in the years to come, promptly and on a few day's notice.

PRICES NOW GREATLY REDUCED.

OUR CREAM SEPARATOR OFFERS are more liberal, more wonderful than ever before, greatly improved models, prices lower than last season. If you have more than one cow, write us a letter or a postal and say, "Send me your New Cream Separator Catalogue and all your new offers," and our great 1907 cream separator proposition will go to you by return mail, free and postpaid. We have two big cream separator factories and can sell you a machine on a two months' free trial, on manufacturing cost basis, much less than dealers and agents pay (all these profits you save), at a lower price than you ever thought possible. If you buy from us you get our free Profit Sharing Certificates and can exchange them for your choice of any number of most valuable articles, which we give our customers free. Write for catalogue today. Address,

SEARS ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We ship on approval, without a cent deposit, freight prepaid. DON'T PAY A CENT if you are not satisfied after using the bicycle 10 days.

DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our latest art catalogs illustrating every kind of bicycle, and have learned our unheard of prices and marvelous new offers.

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write a postal and everything will be sent you free postpaid by return mail. You will get much valuable information. Do not wait, write it now.

TIRES, Coaster-Brakes, Built-up-Wheels and all sundries at half usual prices.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. N53 CHICAGO

MRS. CORA B. MILLER MAKES A FORTUNE

Started a Few Years Ago with No Capital, and Now Employs Nearly One Hundred Clerks and Stenographers.

Until a few years ago Mrs. Cora B. Miller lived in a manner similar to that of thousands of other very poor women of the average small town and village. She now resides in her own palatial brown-stone residence, and is considered one of the most successful business women in the United States.

Mrs. Miller's New Residence, Earned In Less Than One Year.

Several years ago Mrs. Miller learned of a mild and simple preparation that cured herself and several friends of female weakness and piles. She was besieged by so many women needing treatment that she decided to furnish it to those who might call for it. She started with only a few dollars' capital, and the remedy, possessing true and wonderful merit, producing many cures when doctors and other remedies failed, the demand grew so rapidly she was several times compelled to seek larger quarters. She now occupies one of the city's largest office buildings, which she owns, and almost one hundred clerks and stenographers are required to assist in this great business.

Million Women Use It.

More than a million women have used Mrs. Miller's remedy, and no matter where you live, she can refer you to ladies in your own locality who can and will tell any sufferer that this marvelous remedy really cures women. Despite the fact that Mrs. Miller's business is very extensive, she is always willing to give aid and advice to every suffering woman who writes to her. She is a generous, good woman and has decided to give away to women who have never used her medicine $10,000.00 worth absolutely FREE.

Every woman suffering with pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing-down feelings, nervousness, creeping sensations up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, or piles from any cause, should sit right down and send her name and address to Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box 5399, Kokomo, Ind., and receive by mail (free of charge in plain wrapper) a 50-cent box of her marvelous medicine; also her valuable book, which every woman should have.

Remember, this offer will not last long, for thousands and thousands of women who are suffering will take advantage of this generous means of getting cured. So if you are ailing, do not suffer another day, but send your name and address to Mrs. Miller for the book and medicine before the $10,000.00 worth is all gone.

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD, GUARANTEED, BOOKLET FREE. BYRON FIELD & CO., 182 STATE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

PATENTS. Send for Inventor's Primer. Milo B. Stevens & Co., Attys. 809 14th St., Washington, D.C. Established 1864. Branches: Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit

991 Silk Fringe, Envelope, Gold Bevel Edge, Hidden Name Cards, etc. 200 Love Verses, 125 Rich and Racy Jokes, 1 Pack Acquaintance and 1 Pack Escort Cards, New Beau Catcher and Big Sample Book all for 2 cts. CARDS COLUMBUS CARD CO., 151 F. St., Columbus, Ohio.

McGINTY WATCH

Greatest fun maker out. Looks like a regular watch. Plated hunting case with chain. When asked the time you can paralyze your friends by pressing the clasp and "Up jumps McGinty from the bottom of the sea," right in their face. Everybody has to laugh.

Sample 10c, 3 for 25c, 12 for 75c, postage paid.

UNITED SPECIALTY CO., 94 Dearborn St., Dept. 92, Chicago

MORPHINE

FREE TREATMENT UNTIL CURED

My treatment is the only absolute Specific and cure for drug habits. It is the only one that contains the vital principle. I will treat any drug user Free until Cured. Write for trial today. State kind and quantity of drug used.

DR. WATERMAN, 14 LEXINGTON AVE., Room 36, NEW YORK.

Goitre Cure

THE BEST, CHEAPEST AND QUICKEST REMEDY IN THE WORLD.

Our MEDICATED GOITRE BANDAGE is a convenient, soothing appliance, worn at night and cures while you sleep. The Bandage absorbs the swelling and the Goitre disappears in a few days. 16 years success. Write for free Treatise on Goitre, full particulars, etc.

TRADE MARK

PHYSICIANS REMEDY CO. 94 Sinton Bldg, Cincinnati, O.

MENDING TISSUE

The WONDER of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; 3 packages, 25 cents. Address Penn Publishing Co., Parnassus, Pa.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

The girl spoke with quivering lip and wrinkled brow. Sinley Towers, magnanimous as of old, was urging the girl to return to her old home from which she had been absent more than a month. Leone writhed in spirit. She could not accept this man's pity. She hated him and herself. Her life was a shattered fragment, and she would never try to win out again where she had once held up her head in the pride of innocent poverty.

"Nonsense, dear child," said he patronizingly. "You can live th[illegible]own; other girls have done so——"

"I will not go, I tell you," half angrily.

"But consider your fath[illegible]"

"I consider nothing and no one," she retorted sharply. A spasm crossed her white face. She turned from him and rose to her feet.

"Where are you go[illegible], Leone?" he demanded quickly.

"To find him—my husband." The words were forced and unnatural.

"He is your husband then?"

She turned with an angry cry. Her face, white as a shroud, told of unutterable suffering. He would never forget that look if he lived a century.

"Forgive me, Leone, I——"

"Don't apologize for anything, Sinley Towers," she aspirated. "I know what the world thinks, but it is wrong. I shall find that man and have him acknowledge me before the world, then I am ready to die."

With that she tore open the door and rushed out. He hesitated a single moment; that was sufficient for her to evade him. She was gone when he looked for her, gone and he alone in Washington, unable to find solace for the wound that afflicted his soul.

For hours the big man tramped the streets looking in vain for the face and form of one who had filled for so long the interior of his great heart.

Sinley Towers was a decade older when he sat that night and leaned his square chin upon his hand and watched the passing throng from the window of his lodgings. He saw nothing, heeded nothing. His quest had been in vain.

Leone was with him in spirit if not in body. He still held her close in the warm embrace of his loving heart. He pitied her; he could not do otherwise; he pitied himself more, however. That man Lupine—doubtless that was not his name—had wrought sad havoc, and must feel the hand of justice. It was to find and punish the villain that detained Sinley Towers in the capital city. The night waned and big Sheriff Towers sought a fevered couch.

With the dawn of morning he was again upon the street.

He walked slowly, with bowed head and reflective face. A faint cry aroused him like a flash. There was a rumble and a roar as a big automobile swept across his vision.

In the dust of the street rolled the red devil's latest victim.

The stalwart country official sprang to the res[illegible] and lifted in his arms a sl[illegible] youth whose face was [illegible] and limbs crushed.

A passing hack received the twain and Towers did not rest till he had laid his burden on the bed of a city hospital. Then, standing back to look at the victim of the street monster, he saw a face that was not wholly new to him—that of Casper Lupine!

The little chef lay crushed and helpless, sc[illegible] breathing. He could not [illegible] that was apparent at a glance. Conscious of a secret joy at the thought, Sinley Towers retreated to a window while the hospital surgeon made his examination.

Presently a low ejaculation of surprise from the doctor aroused the waiting man.

"Come here," he called to the big official. Towers approached the bed.

"You rescued this person from the street?"

"Yes."

"Did you know—or rather, do you know her?"

"Wh[illegible]ped Sinley Towers. "Her—"

"[illegible]idedly. A woman masquerading in [illegible]," said the surgeon grimly.

"But it's Casper Lupine, son of Colonel Thomas Lupine of the cavalry!" said Sinley Towers. The surgeon only smiled.

"You are mistaken," he said. "It's a woman, and a remarkably pretty one at that. Pity she has to die."

"Is there no chance——"

"Not one in a thousand."

With this discovery a load was rolled from the heart of big Sinley Towers. The wicked, scheming, heart-breaking Casper Lupine was a woman! And Leone; what could she say now? There was an element of the ludicrous about it all that appealed to the big sheriff. He half smiled, even in the face of death.

"Now, sir, will you explain?" suddenly spoke the surgeon.

"I know nothing, only that this person has posed as a man. Her history I know nothing about," declared Towers. "Will he regain consciousness, think you, Doctor?"

"I think so."

Sinley Towers went from the ward, leaving his address expecting a call. It came that evening. He hurried to the presence of the injured one. The nurse questioned him at the entrance.

"You are Sinley Towers of Huntoon, Mich.?"

"I am."

"Then come in; she wants you."

Big Sinley T[illegible] and stared when he reached the bed[illegible]. A great metamorphosis had taken place. Ghastly pale, with a wondrous sadness in her slumberous black orbs, the slender victim sat propped with pillows. She could lift no hand in greeting, but there was a ghostly welcoming smile on her lips as he approached.

"Sit down," she whispered huskily.

"Alberta Drawley!" exclaimed he, a queer feeling shooting over him.

"Is there anything strange in that?" she asked in her old, tantalizing way. "Sit and let us talk."

He crouched quickly down and took her hand.

"I am goin[illegible] with an effort. Choking, the nurse stepped up and applied a handkerchief to her lips [illegible] which the blood started.

"I hope not," he began, infinite pity in his voice.

"It will do not good to hope. See, that is from the seat of life," her [illegible] at sight of the blood-stained [illegible] talk rapidly. They sent hi[illegible] —to prison——"

"Yes, your evidence sent him there, Miss Drawley."

"It—it was a mistake."

"I have thought so myself."

The man leaned eagerly forward. A confession was coming and he wanted it above everything. He waited, breathless with expectancy.

"Alfred is innocent——"

"Yes, yes. Go on, please. You——"

"No, I did not kill Elpin. I hated her, but I could not do that. We quarreled bitterly. She grew wild, and attempted to stab me with a dagger. I fought for my life. In the struggle the woman turned the point of the [illegible] against herself and fell. She was dying before my eyes; I ran from the room. An instant later Alfred entered. You know the rest. I saw a chance to swear his life away, and I did it. Why? Because he and I were always enemies. He got all of his father's property. With him out of the world I would inherit it. There was no murder, and I am glad that I am not guilty of that."

She paused, gasping.

The nurse administered brandy and Alberta spoke again.

"I impersonated a man in a spirit of mis[illegible] because I hoped to find Alfred and bring him to prison. I succeeded as you know. As to the escapade with Leone Gannon, it was just fun. I carried it through, got all her money, and deserted her. She hates me now, but we were legally married all the same. Now—oh, sir, can you forgive me? Leone is a clever girl; she is worthy a good man's love, and and——"

Another gush of blood hushed her voice. She sank away, apparently dead.

It was not the last summons, however.

Towers went for a magistrate. Alberta lived long enough to make an ante mortem statement to him regarding the case of Alfred Drawley, after which she sank into unconsciousness and in a few hours passed away.

Leone Gannon stood beside the dead. Near at hand hung the male attire of the girl who had wrought so much of evil. Sinley Towers had found Leone and fetched her almost forcibly to see the dead deceiver.

They walked from the room together.

"Oh, the shame of it!" gasped the scarcely breathing Leone.

"There is no shame. You will go home and forget. Alice will yet be happy, and——"

She [illegible] from her and attempted to flee, her veil covering her burning f[illegible]. She m[illegible] to escape him again [illegible] she was whi[illegible] on the car on one of the fastest trains, and alone.

Sinley Towers, armed with the dying statement of Alberta, hastened his return to the Wolverine State, elated because of the joy he bore to two fond young souls.

CHAPTER XVII.
AT THE SPRING.

[illegible] things were wrought in the next few months.

Sinley Towers was elected to Sheriff Graves' place by a handsome majority. He occupied the county bastile now at Huntoon and ought to have been a happy as he was a proud man. Alice and Drawley were among the first to congratulate him on his victory, as he had been to wish them Godspeed when they were united in marriage soon after the latter stepped from his prison cell a free man.

The two were even now spending their honeymoon in the south of France.

Jude Gannon, broken in spirit, lay ill at his Highup home. He mourned the continued absence of his daughter, who had not communicated with her father after her escapade with the counterfeit Lupine.

The new sheriff was with Gannon when the latter groaned out from his sick bed a belief that Leone was dead.

"She would come to me now if she was alive," he groaned.

"I cannot believe she is dead," said Sinley Towers. "She is a sensitive child, and has hidden herself for shame——"

"Heaven bless the girl, all the same."

The door swung open, there was a rustle of skirts, and a slender, print-gowned form sank down at the bedside. Kisses were rained upon the old face on the pillow, while hot tears rained down. Towers stood up in respectful silence.

Leone had indeed come at last. The old logger was dying and she would be there to comfort his last hours.

"Papa, can you forgive? I only knew of this three hours ago."

The words were broken by sobs. His gnarled arms held her close, while he laughed and cried in turn.

"My little girl back again," he sobbed. And then silence. While it reigned big Sinley Towers glided from the room.

Down by the bubbling spring where the romance and sorrow of her young womanhood began, Leone Gannon stood one October day, reading anew the sweeping significance of all that Nature held in the sleeping wildwood.

Down there, a little way, was the thicket where she had first met Alfred Drawley in hiding from the angry mob. That meeting, and her befriending the suspected murderer, had led to a succession of events that were as wonderful as they were unique.

"Papa is better, he will live, the doctor says. My home-coming has saved him. I am so glad——"

"And so am I, Leone."

The girl started, scarcely repressing a cry.

Sinley Towers, strong and more handsome than ever, confronted her. His face wore a smile, the same that had sat upon it months ago when he had told her the story of Drawley's crime while the criminal hugged the ground in fear not twenty yards away. The girl shrank at sight of his handsome face. She felt small, and knew he must despise her.

"Why did you follow me?" she asked half angrily.

"For the same reason that I have followed in your shadow for years. I am in [illegible]n to make demands now, Leone Gannon."

"Yes," sadly. "I am not disputing your victories, Sinley. If it were not for poor papa I should never have come——"

"Nevertheless I should have followed you to the end of the world, Leone," he said in his masterful way. He stood at her side and put an arm about her trim waist. "There has been quite enough of masquerading, my dear. See!"

He had raised her slim white hand and was slipping a band of gold over one of the taper fingers.

"It is the same ring, Leone. I know you will not cast it aside again." He raised higher the little hand, and kissed it tenderly. The girl drooped and trembled. Gladness brightened her heart as it had never done before.

"Do you mean it?" she murmured. "Oh, Sinley, can you forgive my silly outbreaks of the past. I thought——"

"That I was an unforgiving ogre. No, Leone. You have sinned whitely, so have I. We shall love each other better for all of the suffering."

He kissed her blushing face and led her back to her father.

(The end.)

Salary Grabbing.

The bookkeeper timidly approached.

"If you please," he said, "I would like a raise of pay."

"You, too!" fairly moaned the capitalist. "Say, do you want to sink to the moral level of a Congressman? I won't be a party to your downfall."

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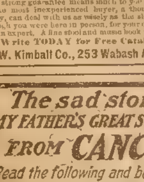

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Boys and Girls Corner

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CHAPTER IX.

"A MILLION-DOLLAR STRIKE."

A yelp of pain was given utterance to by the road agent and he dropped back out of s[illegible]

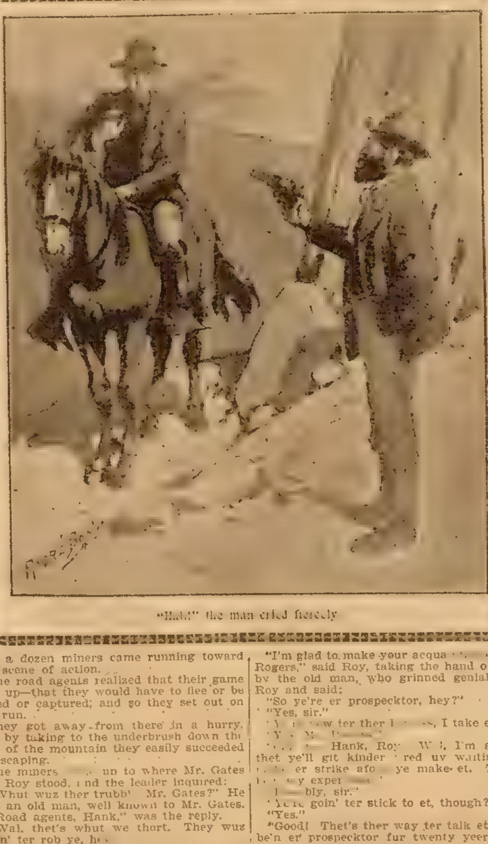
"I guess you hit him," said Mr. Gates.

"I think so," agreed Roy.

They had no time further conversation, for at this moment the road agents leaped up and came charging toward them, firing as they came and yelling like fiends.

Mr. G[illegible] and Roy returned the shots, [illegible] side did much damage, and it [illegible] soon been a hand-to-hand affair, with the advantage all on the side of the road agents had there not come an interruption.

Down the trail there sounded wild yells,



"Halt!" the man cried fiercely

and a dozen miners came running toward the scene of action.

The road agents realized that their game was up—that they would have to flee or be killed or captured; and so they set out on the run.

They got away from there in a hurry, and by taking to the underbrush down the side of the mountain they easily succeeded in escaping.

The miners [illegible] up to where Mr. Gates and Roy stood, and the leader inquired:

"Whut wuz ther trubb[illegible] Mr. Gates?" He was an old man, well known to Mr. Gates.

"Road agents, Hank," was the reply.

"Wal, thet's whut we thort. They wuz [illegible]n' ter rob ye, h[illegible]

"Yes. I'm taking a bag of 'buttons' down to the town and they seemed to know about it, or to suspect it, at any rate."

"Sho! I wunder how they foun' et out?"

"I don't know. I'm not sure that they knew it. Possibly they simply suspected it."

"Mebby so."

"I'm much obliged to you and the boys for coming to our rescue, Hank."

"Ye're welcum. Et is lucky thet we happened erlong jest when we did."

"Yes, indeed! You are going up to Richton?"

"Yas; the boys heer air ther ones thet yo tol' me ter bring up ter work in ther mine."

"I see; well, I'm glad you are taking them up there. I need them."

"They're all experienced miners, an'll be able ter do good work fur ye."

"I suppose you don't want to work in the mine, Hank?"

The old man smiled and shook his head.

"Not me!" he said. "I'm er prospecktor, Mr. Gates, an' I couldn' stan' et ter be cooped up in er mine, nohow. I'm goin' ter strike et rich one uv these heer days."

Mr. Gates smiled.

"I hope so, Hank," he said. "By the way, here is a prospector; he is new to this part of the country, but he says he is going to stick to it till he makes a strike. His name is Roy Wells. Roy, this is Hank Rogers, a veteran prospector."

"I'm glad to make your acqua[illegible] Mr. Rogers," said Roy, taking the hand offered by the old man, who grinned genially at Roy and said:

"So ye're er prospecktor, hey?"

"Yes, sir."

"[illegible]w ter ther [illegible], I take et."

"[illegible]"

"[illegible] Hank, Roy W[illegible]. I'm afeerd thet ye'll git kinder [illegible]red uv waitin' ter [illegible] er strike afo[illegible] ye make et. Thet[illegible] [illegible]y exper[illegible]"

"[illegible]bly, sir."

"[illegible] goin' ter stick to et, though?"

"Yes."

"Good! Thet's ther way ter talk et. I've be'n er prospecktor fur twenty yeers, an' I'll be wun till I die."

Hank Rogers and Mr Gates then talked together a few minutes, after which the old prospector and the miners set out up the trail, and Mr. Gates and Roy renewed their journey down the trail.

They reached Cripple Creek without further adventure, and Mr. Gates deposited his bag of gold buttons in the bank. This done, he bought a lot of supplies for use in the mine, and these were loaded on the backs of the burros immediately after dinner was over, and they set out on the return trip, arriving at Richton about four o'clock.

It was too late to start out prospecting, so Roy stayed at Mr. Gates' home that night. Hank Rogers had stopped at Richton only long enough to lay in a supply of provisions at the general store; then he had set out.

Roy was a bit disappointed.

"I would have liked to have gone with him," he said to Mr. Gates. "I might have learned a good deal from him."

Mr. Gates shook his head.

"He wouldn't have let you accompany him," he said.

"He wouldn't?" in surprise.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because it is his rule to prospect alone. He never takes a partner along with him."

"I suppose that he wants to have all the credit, in case he makes a strike?"

"I suppose so. Most all the old-time prospectors are that way. They prefer to go it alone."

"Well, I can go it alone, too," grimly; "and if I make a strike I won't have to share it with any one."

Next morning Roy set out, and he made his way into a region that he had not before visited. It was the roughest part of the country in that region. Great, rough, mountainous crags, between which lay gulches, gullies and ravines, were everywhere. And thickly scattered about were groves of scrub-oak where wild game had their lairs.

Out of one of these groves, about two o'clock in the afternoon, Roy started a black-tail deer. The deer ran a couple of hundred yards and paused on the top of a hummock of jagged-ended stones. Over beyond, fifteen yards distant, was a hu[illegible] cliff, consisting of hundreds of great, jagged-ended rocks, with dark caverns here and there in its face.

Roy, his eyes on the deer, crept forward till he was within good rifle-shot distance, and then he leveled his Winchester, took careful aim and fired.

Crack!

Loud [illegible] out, but [illegible] not find a resting-place in [illegible] body, for the black-tail bounded away [illegible] quickly disappeared.

Roy gave utterance to an excla[illegible] disappointment, which was as quickly changed into one of wonder—for over b[illegible]ond where the deer had stood, in the face of the [illegible], there flashed into the sunlight a constellation of brilliant stars!—a sort of silvery spray that rose and quivered, and then sank and died.

Roy, wondering and bewildered by the d[illegible]ing spectacle, walked over to investigate.

He [illegible]ht up to what appeared to [illegible]n, and all around were hundreds of dark-brown slabs projecting a foot or more from the ground. In many places were great jagged openings in the ground, as if charges of giant powder had been exploded.

But what made the greatest impression on Roy's mind, as he moved hither and thither, gazing, was the dazzling beauty of these openings.

Large, flat sheets of some kind of shining substance, brighter than polished silver, framed in rose-colored feldspar and beautiful, sparkling gold quartz made up a picture of such dazzling beauty that Roy stared, open-mouthed and rubbed his eyes from time to time, to make sure that he was not asleep and dreaming.

If hundreds of mirrors, imbedded in white and rose-colored marble, spangled with gold-dust, were fixed facing the sun, the effect would have been similar to the effect shown by the sun shining into the great cavities in the face of the mountain of this strange mineral that Roy had so unexpectedly stumbled upon.

It was the shot from his Winchester that revealed it to him. Had the bullet hit the deer it would not have sped on and become imbedded in the mineral, and the shower of beautiful stars would not have been set into the air, thus attracting the young hunter-prospector's attention.

[illegible] spent half an hour gazing at the

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wonderful spectacle, and then he picked up some of the mineral and examined it. Of course he knew nothing about it—had no idea what the mineral was.

"I'll take some of it back with me, though," he murmured. "Mr. Gates will know what it is, no doubt."

He knew that he could find the place again, for he was now becoming quite familiar with the lay of the country.

Placing a couple of pieces of the mineral in his knapsack, he shouldered his Winchester and set out again. An hour later he succeeded in shooting a black-tail deer, and he set out for Richton, arriving there late in the evening.

The miners all had fresh venison for supper, and Roy was several dollars richer. He and Mr. Gates had some of the venison, also, and they enjoyed it.

When supper was over and Mr. Gates had lighted his pipe for his evening smoke he asked carelessly:

"Have any luck, from the prospector's standpoint, today, Roy?"

This made Roy remember his adventure of the afternoon, and he said somewhat eagerly:

"I struck something queer, Mr. Gates. I shot at a deer and missed it, but my bullet went on and hit the face of a cliff, and you never saw such a spectacle in all your life! It was beautiful—dazzling! Millions of brilliant shooting stars went up into the air, and when I went and investigated I found a strange mineral. I don't know what it is, but I brought some home, and you'll know, doubtless."

Roy produced the two pieces of mineral from his knapsack and handed one to Mr. Gates, who looked at a few moments and then said, reflectively:

"It's mica. Is there much of it?"

"Oh, yes; acres and acres of it, Mr. Gates. The whole mountain seems to be of that stuff. There is more than an army of men could dig out in a lifetime."

"It's worth a fortune, Roy," said Mr. Gates quietly.

"What!" exclaimed Roy, amazed, almost doubting the evidence of his hearing. "That stuff worth a fortune?"

"Exactly. It certainly is!" was the decided reply.

"And I've made a 'strike'?" exclaimed Roy.

"You have, my boy!"

"Is—do you suppose that my strike is worth—a million dollars?" Roy spoke the last three words almost in a whisper.

"It's worth more than that, Roy," was the quiet reply.

"Oh, glory!" cried Roy, his eyes shining with delight. "Then I have done what I set out to do, after all! I have made a 'million-dollar strike!' Mr. Gates, I'm the luckiest boy in the world!"

CHAPTER X.

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

When Roy Wells uttered the exclamation that he had made a million-dollar strike, and that he was the luckiest boy in the world, a human face was pressed against the window and a pair of gleaming eyes were on the two inmates of the cabin and on the pieces of mineral that they held in their hands.

But Mr. Gates and Roy were ignorant of this fact. They did not think of such a thing as that there might be listeners about.

What troubled Roy, just at that moment—after having uttered the exclamation—was that perhaps, after all, Mr. Gates might be mistaken about the value of the "strike."

"Are you—sure that—this is—mica?" he asked after a few moments.

"Sure of it, Roy."

"But—is it really valuable?"

"It's worth four thousand dollars a ton in the sheet, my boy."

Roy gasped.

"What!" he exclaimed, after getting his breath. "Four thousand dollars a ton?"

"Just so—in blocks that will permit of being split up into sheets an inch in thickness."

"Why, there are thousands of such blocks up there, Mr. Gates!"

"That is good for you, my boy."

"But, what makes mica so valuable? What is it used for?"

"For many things, Roy. It is made into stove windows, lamp shades, fire-proofing material of various kinds, and is much used in electrical manufactures, as it is one of the best non-conductors of electricity that is known. The demand in the United States is much greater than the supply, and more than a thousand tons were imported into the United States from Canada and India, last year."

"Well, well!"

"Why, just to give you an idea of the value of your strike, Roy, I will say that there is a duty on mica of eight hundred dollars a ton! Just think of that!"

Roy stared.

"It beats anything I ever heard of!" he said. "Four thousand dollars a ton!—phew! And there must be thousands and thousands of tons in that mountain that I discovered!"

"No doubt of it, Roy. So your million-dollar strike is indeed a reality."

"Mica is queer stuff, isn't it?" remarked Roy, after a few moments.

"It certainly is. Why, a sheet one inch in thickness, Roy, will split up into four thousand sheets, more regular and perfect than anything that has ever been manufactured by the hand of man!"

"Goodness!"

"The most famous and valuable mica mine in the world," went on Mr. Gates, "is the 'Old Ruggles' mine in New Hampshire. It has been mined since 1803 and more than thirteen million dollars' worth of mica has been taken out of it."

"Thirteen million dollars' worth!—phew!"

"It wouldn't surprise me if your strike turned out to be even more valuable, Roy."

Roy threw up his hands and laughed.

"Oh, say! don't talk any more in that strain, Mr. Gates! If you do, you'll have me clear up in the air! A million dollars looks plenty good enough for me, and so I am going to call it a million-dollar strike."

Mr. Gates smiled.

"It is well enough to be modest, my boy," he agreed. "Call it a million-dollar strike, and then let it develop into a much greater one, if it wants to."

"That is what I shall do. But, Mr. Gates, what shall I do? Shall I go tomorrow and stake out my claims?"

"Certainly, my boy. You must not delay about that, as some one else might stumble upon the mine."

"I'll go the first thing in the morning and stake off my claims."

"And then you will have to go to the county seat and register the claims."

"True, sir, and now, what county is the strike in?"

"What direction does it lie from here?"

"Northwest—more west than north."

"Then the strike is in Park County."

"And the county seat is——"

"Fair Play."

"How far is it?"

"About thirty-five miles."

"Can I go there by train?"

"Yes, but it is farther than if you were to go across country on horseback."

"Then I'll go on horseback—if I can get a horse."

"I have one here that I will lend you."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Gates!"

"I have some stakes here that you can use; they are the ones that I used in staking off my claims here."

"I am much obliged, sir."

"You are more than welcome, Roy."

They went to bed presently, but Roy was so excited that he did not get to sleep till nearly midnight, and then he did not sleep soundly. He dreamed of his mica mine, and that he was the greatest mining king in the country.

He was up bright and early next morning, and he scarcely could eat, he was so excited. He could hardly bring himself to believe that he had been so fortunate as to make a million-dollar strike.

But the proof of it was there—the two pieces of mica that he had brought home with him.

The foreman of the mine came in, while they were at breakfast, and reported to Mr. Gates that two of the men were missing.

"Where have they gone, I wonder?" queried Mr. Gates.

"I don't know, sir," was the reply. "The strangest thing about it is that there is nearly a week's wages due them. I wouldn't have thought that they would go without the money."

"That does seem rather strange."

"Yes."

"Perhaps they have gone down to the town to have a spree," Mr. Gates suggested.

"Perhaps so. Anyway, they will likely come back for their money."

"No doubt."

Roy filled his knapsack with food and claim-stakes—three parts claim-stakes to one part food—and then, bidding good-bye to Mr. Gates, set out, his Winchester on his shoulder.

Unknown to and unsuspected by Roy, he was followed, at a distance, by two men, who skulked amid the scrub-oak and underbrush and behind rocks.

Had Roy been suspicious that he was being followed, he would undoubtedly have discovered the men, but he was unsuspicious, and so did not find it out. Each of the two men carried a package under his arm.

At last Roy reached his "strike," and he at once proceeded to stake off his claims. Mr. Gates had given him full instructions, and he knew what to do.

He staked off fifteen claims, and on each stake he wrote his mother's name—as he was a minor and could not enter the claims in his own name.

The territory comprised within the district taken in by the fifteen claims was at least one hundred acres in extent, and as it was all Government land, all that would be necessary would be for him to go to

DOCTOR'S ALL AGREE THIS TIME.

The most eminent writers on *Materia Medica*, whose works are consulted as authorities and guides in prescribing by physicians of all the different schools of practice, extol, in the most positive terms, the curative virtues of each and every ingredient entering into Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. In fact it is the only medicine, put up for sale through druggists for the cure of all diseases of the mucous surfaces, as nasal catarrh, throat, laryngeal, and bronchial affections attended by lingering, or hang-on-coughs that has any such *professional* endorsement—worth more than any amount of lay or *non*-professional testimonials.

Do not expect too much from the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It will not work miracles. It will not cure consumption in its advanced stages. No medicine will. Nor is the "Discovery" so good for a sudden attack of acute cough, but for the lingering, obstinate, hang-on-coughs, accompanying catarrhal, throat, laryngeal and bronchial affections, it is a most efficacious remedy. In cases accompained with wasting of flesh, night-sweats, weak stomach and poor digestion with faulty assimilation, and which, if neglected or badly treated are apt to lead to consumption, the "Discovery" has proven wonderfully successful in effecting cures.

Besides curing all the above distressing ailments, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a specific for all diseases of the mucous membranes, as catarrh, whether of the nasal passages or of the stomach, bowels or pelvic organs. Even in its ulcerative stages it will yield to this sovereign remedy if its use be persevered in. In Chronic Catarrh of the Nasal passages, it is well, while taking the "Golden Medical Discovery" for the necessary constitutional treatment, to cleanse the passages freely two or three times a day with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. This thorough course of treatment generally cures the worst cases.

If you have bitter or bad taste in the morning, poor or variable appetite, coated tongue, foul breath, constipated or irregular bowels, feel weak, easily tired, despondent, frequent headaches, pain or distress in "small of back," gnawing or distressed feeling in stomach, perhaps nausea, bitter or sour "risings" in throat after eating, and kindred symptoms of weak stomach and torpid liver, no medicine will relieve you more promptly or cure you more permanently than Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Perhaps only a part of the above symptoms will be present at one time and yet point to torpid liver or biliousness and weak stomach. Avoid all hot bread and biscuits, griddle cakes and other indigestible food and take the "Golden Medical Discovery" regularly and stick to its use until you are vigorous and strong.

Foul, impure blood can be made pure by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It enriches and purifies the blood thereby curing, pimples, blotches, eruptions and other cutaneous affections, as eczema, tetter, or salt-rheum, hives and other manifestations of impure blood.

In the cure of scrofulous swellings, enlarged glands, open eating ulcers, or old sores, the "Golden Medical Discovery" has performed the most marvelous cures. In cases of old sores, or open eating ulcers, it is well to apply to the open sores Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve, which possesses wonderful healing potency when used as an application to the sores in conjunction with the use of "Golden Medical Discovery" as a blood cleansing constitutional treatment. If your druggist don't happen to have the "All-Healing Salve" in stock, you can easily procure it by enclosing fifty-four cents in postage stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., and it will come to you by return post. Most druggists keep it as well as the "Golden Medical Discovery."

Not only does the wrapper of every bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the famous medicine for weak stomach, torpid liver or biliousness and all catarrhal diseases wherever located, have printed upon it, *in plain English*, a full and complete list of all the ingredients composing it, but a small book has been compiled from numerous standard medical works, of all the different schools of practice, containing very numerous extracts from the writings of leading practitioners of medicine, endorsing *in the strongest possible terms*, each and every ingredient contained in Dr. Pierce's medicines. One of these little books will be mailed free to any one sending address on postal card or by letter, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and requesting the same. From this little book it will be learned that Dr. Pierce's medicines contain no alcohol, narcotics, mineral agents or other poisonous or injurious agents and that they are made from native, medicinal roots of great value.

Some of the most valuable ingredients contained in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak, nervous, over-worked, "run-down," nervous and debilitated women, were employed, long years ago, by the Indians for similar ailments affecting their squaws. In fact, one of the most valuable medicinal plants entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was known to the Indians as "Squaw-Weed." Our knowledge of the uses of not a few of our most valuable native, medicinal plants was gained from the Indians.

As made up by improved and exact processes, the "Favorite Prescription" is a most efficient remedy for healing ulcerations, regulating all the womanly functions, correcting displacements, as prolapsus, anteversion and retroversion, overcoming painful periods, toning up the nerves and bringing about a perfect state of health. Sold by all dealers in medicines.

It's an insult to your intelligence for a dealer to endeavor to palm off upon you some nostrum of *unknown composition* in place of Dr. Pierce's world-famed medicines which are OF KNOWN COMPOSITION. Most dealers recommend Dr. Pierce's medicines because they know what they are made of and that the ingredients employed are among the most valuable that a medicine for like purposes can be made of. The same is true of leading physicians who do not hesitate to recommend these medicines, since they know exactly what they contain and that their ingredients are the very best known to medical science for the cure of the several diseases for which they are recommended.

With tricky dealers it is different.

Something else that pays them a little greater profit will be urged upon you as "just as good," or even better. You can hardly afford to accept a substitute *of unknown composition* and without any particular record of cures in place of Dr. Pierce's medicines which are OF KNOWN COMPOSITION and have a record of *forty years of cures* behind them. *You* know what you want and it is the dealer's business to supply that want. *Insist upon it.*

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Fair Play, the county seat, and file the claims and pay the fees for so doing, when he would receive a patent from the agent of the Government.

Concealed within the edge of a grove of scrub-oak were the two men who watched Roy with eager eyes, and they conversed excitedly in low tones.

At last Roy finished, and with a sigh of satisfaction he turned and headed toward Richton. His work here was finished; now to get back to town, and then on the morrow he would ride to Fair Play and enter the claims.

No sooner was Roy out of sight than the two men emerged from their hiding place, and they at once went to work, and in an hour's time had pulled up all of Roy's stakes and had replaced them with stakes of their own, on which were written their names.

The two were the miners who had disappeared from Richton, and one of the two was the owner of the face that had been pressed against the window of Mr. Gates' cabin the evening before, when he and Roy were examining the samples of mica and talking about the youth's wonderful strike.

There was no doubt about it—these two miners were going to "jump" Roy's claims!

This capital story of boyhood luck and adventure will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. It will be to your pleasure and profit to follow its characters to the dramatic and remarkable close. Would you like our fine President Portraits without cost, or six of our fine spring patterns entirely free? Then subscribe for the Ledger and they will be sent to you. Read our premium announcements on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Getting Even.

President Arthur Hadley of Yale, has a couple of sons who inherit a good deal of the genius and independent thought of their father. One morning Mrs. Hadley got up and went into the bathroom and found her youngest, aged 5 years, busy sailing some tin swans and fish in the bathtub, guiding them with a magnet. She gathered up the toys and told the youngster that he must defer his amusement, as his papa wanted to take his bath.

The kid submitted with bad grace, but went out in the street. Presently he met a lady.

"Do you want to know something?" he remarked. "The president of Yale College won't have any bath this morning. Do you want to know why? 'Cause I have got the plug to the bath tub in my pocket an' it's going to stay there, see?"—Life.

A Business Man

He was a speculator, and for a year past nothing had been coming his way except expenses. Misfortunes never come by themselves. One day his daughter informed him in a cold and unfeeling manner that if he did not give her a diamond tiara worth at least £150 she would elope with the coachman.

"Come to my arms, my darling child," he exclaimed, as the tears of joy coursed down his wrinkled cheeks; "come to my arms."

"Do I get the tiara?" she asked, hesitating ere she accepted his invitation.

"Of course not," he smiled delightedly; "you get the coachman. I owe him eight months' wages."

* * *

It may not cost any more to keep two than one, but the father of many a marriageable girl isn't willing to take chances.

HOW CAN WE HUMBUG YOU?

You Don't Pay A Cent

Until you know, until you see, until you feel, **until you are sure.** We cannot get a penny from you until you know that we have done the work, until you are willing to send it to us, until we have earned it of you as pay for what Vitæ-Ore has done for you. We take all the risk—we stand to lose all. You take no risk—you cannot lose anything. **We match our remedy against your ailment.** You must experience actual, positive, visible good before you pay for it. You must know it has helped you; you must feel better, stronger, healthier, from using it.

You Are To Be the Judge

You don't pay for promises, you pay for only what has been done. You pay for the work, not words, and if the work has not been done to your satisfaction, you don't pay for it—No, not a penny! You are to be the judge, and you can easily judge. You know if you feel better, if you sleep better, if you are stronger, more active, if your limbs do not pain you, if your stomach does not trouble you, if your heart does not bother you. You know whether or not your organs are acting better, whether or not health is returning to your body.

If You Cannot See It

If you cannot feel it, if you cannot be sure of it—**that ends the matter and you pay nothing.** How can we humbug you when you alone have the entire "say so"? How can you hesitate to accept our offer immediately if you are ailing and need help? What excuse have you? Read the offer and do not delay another day before writing for a package on trial. **Start your cure immediately.**

Our 30-Day Trial Offer

If You Are Sick we want to send you a full sized $1.00 package of Vitæ-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us $1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than $1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? **You are to be the judge.** We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what V.-O. is, and write today for a dollar package on this most liberal trial offer.

WHAT VITAE-ORE IS.

Vitæ-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitæ-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring, and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral-substance, mixed with a quart of water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value, many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs.

Permanently Cured

Used Two Packages Two Years Ago, Was Permanently Cured and Has Had No Return of the Trouble.

SENATH, MO.—I have been afflicted with Rheumatism ever since 1875 and have been so bad that I was almost paralyzed; at times I could hardly move more than if I were dead. I had tried several doctors and all the patent medicines I heard of. The doctors here all told me I was incurable. They said they could give me some temporary relief, but they could not cure me. Two years ago I saw the Vitæ-Ore advertisement; I knew I must do something or die and I sent for the trial package. I used it according to directions and sent for three more packages. Before I finished the second package I was entirely cured. I used the third package to make the cure sure. It is now two years since my cure, and I have not felt any trace of Rheumatism since. When I sent for the trial package I could not walk across the house and I did not weigh one one hundred pounds; now I weigh 145 lbs., I am sixty-two years old and today I feel as well as if I were but twenty-five. I can do all my work and my washing and walk two miles to church and it does not tire me. The people here who knew me when I was sick, ask me what I have taken to be cured and to look so well. I tell them Vitæ-Ore and nothing else.

MRS. N. J. MILAM.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE

in all parts of the United States and Canada have testified to the efficacy of Vitae-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Stomach Disorders, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of any part, Nervous Prostration, Anaemia, Sores and Ulcers, and worn out, debilitated conditions.

Could Hardly Walk

HOUSER, ALA.—Three years ago I was running a dynamo near Ouray, Colorado, and fell from a water dam and hurt my hip. This injury developed into what the doctor called Rheumatism and Lumbago. I tried the doctors there and all the patent medicines I could get, with no relief and therefore had to give up my position and come home. I tried our physician in North, Ala., and he is as good as any that ever compounded a pill or wrote a prescription, but he could do me no good; then I tried a specialist and he failed. I also tried Polecat Oil, Barfoot and old Bacon rinds, also Whiskey and Polk Root and all the old remedies which we folks down here generally use, and all with no relief.

This kept up until I could hardly walk a step. My appetite was gone, my flesh was gone and I thought I was gone. When I noticed the Vitæ-Ore advertisement and sent for a package, I had no faith in anything. I was just grabbing at every straw in reach. You sent me the package of Vitæ-Ore telling me to take it according to directions, which I did. You also wrote me to report results and said if I was not benefited not to send you one cent. Well, sir, in 18 days I felt like a new man. I could walk five miles and walk perfectly straight and had gained 7 pounds in weight.

I have taken five packages of Vitæ-Ore and am well. **I walked 18 miles yesterday and carried about 40 pounds.** I am still taking Vitæ-Ore and I advise anyone who is suffering to try it and they will thank **the Theo.** Noel Company all the rest of their days.

FRANK KING.

Make the Effort That Cures

Nothing is so pitiable to witness as wrongly applied effort, particularly so when the effort thus put forward is earnest and persistent, of a kind that, placed in the proper channel, would be productive of the results sought after. Especially is this true of the attempts of sick and ailing people to secure a cure for their ills, many wasting some of the best years of their lives in an effort along the wrong direction, lives that are made miserable by a protracted disorder that apparently defies all efforts to eradicate it. They will apply themselves diligently to the treatment, will follow it and dose themselves day after day with a determination and spirit that is, indeed, commendable, but the effort is misdirected and nothing but additional and prolonged distress comes of it.

The trouble is, that they are treating the SYMPTOMS, the external evidences of a disturbance within, and not the CAUSE which brings it about. They deaden the immediate discomfort by drugging with narcotics and preparations which depend for temporary efficacy upon a narcotic influence and are doing nothing to get at the fountain head of the trouble, which remains in its seat, undisturbed and unconquered. Thus it is that the treatment is kept up, week in and week out, month after month, year after year, the sufferer always seeking a cure and not realizing that what he is seeking lies in an entirely different direction. Doctors diagnose the case, question as to the symptoms and treat the symptom instead of investigating for the cause, and having discovered it, taking proper steps to remove the wrong condition which makes it possible. Patent medicines, too, are placed on the market and advertised to treat the symptoms, to relieve this and that outward manifestation of an inward abnormality, while the CAUSE goes merrily on, causing more and more symptoms as time progresses, more work for the doctors and more sales for these so-called medicines.

Vitæ-Ore treats the CAUSE, not the symptoms. It gets into the veins, courses through the vital organs, doing its good work in each, setting each to rights and by so doing removes the inward disorder itself. It is a CURE and not merely a check for a time upon the outward physical manifestation of that disorder. This is one of the reasons for the absoluteness and permanency of its cures, the principal reason for the wide range of symptoms it causes to disappear. Many different symptoms and local disturbances can be attributed to one particular lesion, one fundamental lack of functional activity that is primarily alike in many separate cases, accounting for the ease with which Vitæ-Ore effaces such different symptoms by the removal of these underlying and controlling causes.

It is easy to cure ordinary, simple disorders. Most any ordinary medicine will. Extraordinary diseases, that defy ordinary treatments, require an extraordinary remedy to vanquish them. Vitæ-Ore is an extraordinary medicine, and its reputation is built upon its achievements where "ordinary" treatments failed even to benefit.

Cures Stomach Trouble

SOUTH BEND, IND.—I suffered terribly with **Stomach Trouble** for over fourteen years and for the last **six** years was unable to do any housework whatever. I was induced to try Vitæ-Ore, and since taking it **I feel like a different person** and am now able to attend to all my household duties. V.-O. has brought me back to health and I would not do without it in the house.

MRS. JOHN REEDER,
620 W. Water St.

Cures Bright's Disease

MARYSVILLE, CAL.—My mother was afflicted with what the doctors called **Bright's Disease** for about six or seven years; was attended all of that time by physicians. She was finally **given up to die** and at this time was induced to try Vitæ-Ore. To our surprise and great joy she was cured **sound and well** by the use of three packages. JOHN WILLIAMS.

Health IS WORTH TRYING FOR!

It is worth writing for. It is worth getting out pen, ink, paper and envelope, and writing us:

> **"I am sick. I need Vitæ-Ore or something that will cure me. I have seen your trial offer. Send me a dollar package. I will use it and pay the dollar if I find it has helped me. I will not pay one penny if it does not help me."**

That is all it takes. Just a letter asking for it, just your promise to use it. What excuse have you to keep on suffering? How can you continue to look your family in the face and say: "I feel so sick today" or "My back aches" or "That rheumatic leg is getting worse" or "My stomach is bothering me again," when here, right at your elbow, right within your reach, **ready and waiting for you to turn and get it,** is the thing that has set thousands right, yours for the mere asking.

WRITE FOR IT TODAY

READ THE TESTIMONY. Read it again and again. No stronger words have ever been written about any other medicine; no better expressions are truthfully commanded by any other treatment. Vitae-Ore is as different from other remedies as is pure milk from chalk and water, or the sunlight from a tallow candle. It does not take FAITH, does not take CONFIDENCE, does not take BELIEF, does not take even HOPE to cure with Vitae-Ore. It takes only a trial—all we ask. THIS MEDICINE ENTERS THE VEINS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING PERSON AND CURES whether the sufferer believes in it or not, whether he wants it or no. Its substances enter the blood, the vital organs, and WORK, WORK, WORK—a work that cures.

THEO. NOEL CO. W. D. Dept. Vitæ-Ore Bldg. **CHICAGO, ILL.**

One Idea of Luxury.

is having what you're not used day," said the traveling man. definition is accurate is shown of my own experience.

the steel trail a good deal, and my travel during a certain part ear is in the comparatively sparsely West, where, if you miss one train, y right where you are for the next our hours or walk. My work per- to keep traveling rapidly from own and to get tied up in one place ole day is a serious thing. So you gine the state of nervous intensity vails with me in those lonely re- hen I think of the daily train and ty of missing it.

, after a lot of that sort of one- -day, last-chance business, I arrived sburg one morning with an appoint- for that night in Washington, Pa., a miles west. I found on consulting the guide, that there were trains to that intervals of an hour or two all I could scarcely believe my eyes. too good to be true.

"When finally the fact soaked through my head I exclaimed joyously; 'I can actually miss a train or two if I want to and still make my date!'

"Then in an exuberance of spirits such as I seldom know, I began to miss trains, for the pure fun of it. I would rush to a street car and hasten to the B. & O. station, I would run breathlessly to the train-caller and ask if the train for Washington had gone. When he answered affirmatively I would say: 'Oh, pshaw!' disappointedly, and turn away, frowning outwardly and giggling with glee inside of me. Then I would hurry to the Pennsylvania station a minute or two late for the next train on that line, and repeat the performance with the caller there.

"Honestly, I never enjoyed anything in my whole life any more than I enjoyed that train-missing debauch. Finally professional caution asserted itself and I caught the next to the last train for my destination."

One Secret She Kept.

Miss Mary S. Anthony, the sister of the famous Susan B. Anthony, was talking about the old, old accusation against woman that she cannot keep a secret.

"A woman," said Miss Anthony, "can keep an important secret as well as a man. The secrets she reveals are slight and harmless ones, such as any man would reveal. Where is the woman who ever tells a secret that reflects on her husband or her own children?

"I know a man who one day refused to tell his wife the outcome of a business transaction in which, naturally, she took a deep interest.

"'No,' he sneered, 'I won't tell you. If I did, you'd repeat it. You women can never keep a secret.'

"'John,' said the woman quietly, 'have I ever told the secret about the solitaire engagement ring you gave me eighteen years ago being paste?'"

A Sad Case.

Missionary (Pacific Islands)—What is the matter with that man?

Native Doctor—He hafa vata you calla delirium tremens.

Missionary—My! My! The poor fellow must have eaten a Kentuckian.

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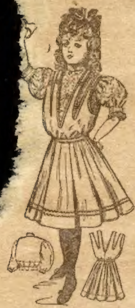
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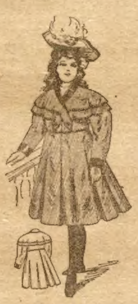
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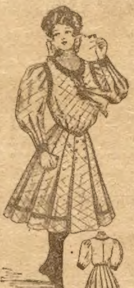
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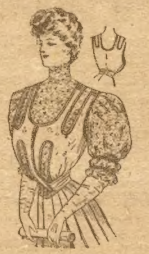
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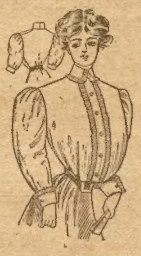
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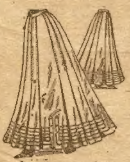
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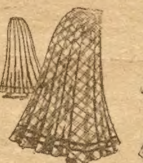
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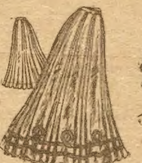
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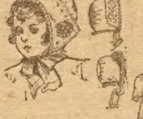
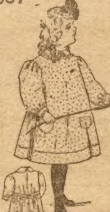

5574 CHILD'S ONE & TWO PIECE CAPS WITH REVERS 6 MOS. 1 AND 2 YEARS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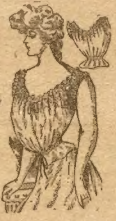
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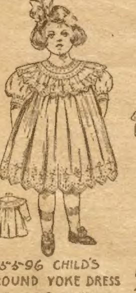
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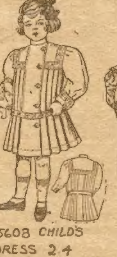
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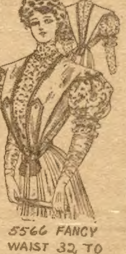
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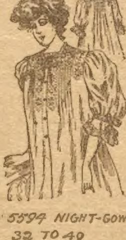
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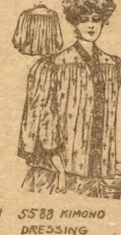
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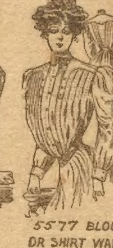
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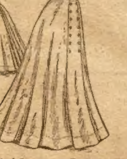
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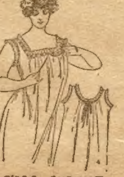
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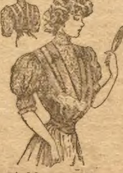
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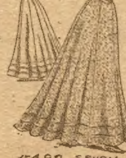
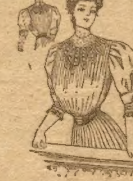

5492 SEVEN GORED WALKING SKIRT 22 TO 32 WAIST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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

A WINTER ROMANCE.

A sunbeam loved a snowflake,
  So pure and lily white;
He smiled at her in day time
  And pined for her at night.

He wanted much to fold her
  Close to his fiery heart;
He loved her, so he told her,
  And hoped they ne'er should part.

But this sweet little snowflake
  Was wary of the sun;
Refused his warm advances
  And hid from him in fun.

Said she: "I love a moonbeam
  Who courts me every night;
He kisses me with moonshine
  And makes me silver bright."

But still the brilliant sunbeam
  Adored Miss Snowyheart;
He vowed he'd woo and win her,
  And melt her icy heart.

Right soon the little snowflake
  Grew tired of a silver ray;
She longed for golden brightness,
  That she might shine by day.

So inch by inch she wavered
  Till the ardent bright sun's dart
Caressed and won her over
  And warmed her frozen heart.

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Cut shows Edison Standard Phonograph.

Send Your Name We'll Send the Phonograph

We will send you a Genuine Edison Phonograph with large Floral Horn and a dozen Genuine Edison Gold-moulded Records without asking you to send us a cent of money in advance or to pay for it C. O. D. **Now just stop and think and realize what this means!**

Here is an offer that will enable you to reproduce and enjoy the performances of the finest and most expensive city theatres, right in your own parlor.

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We can sell you a genuine Edison Gem Phonograph outfit complete, including Twelve Edison Gold-moulded Records for $14.20. No one could sell it to you for less, even if you paid cash in advance, but we can arrange to let you pay as little as $2.00 a month if you like. We will send you the Phonograph, exactly as we agree to do, and give you an absolutely free trial. You may return it at our expense if not entirely satisfactory; if not all and more than represented. **Remember This!** No C. O. D. No cash in advance.

Write for Free Guide to Latest Music.

MUSICAL ECHO CO., Edison Distributors, Dept. 52, 1215 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Just Common Sense.

"Charlie, Charlie, come quick," cried Mabel, in a voice shrill with terror; "the puppy's in the cistern."

Charlie obeyed instantly, dropping the old pan into which he had deposited swarms of potato bugs.

Even the swift thought that they would crawl into the vines and have to be gathered over again did not stay his footsteps. What were a few hours' work, even though hard and disagreeable, when compared with the life of his beautiful Newfoundland puppy?

He thought it would be the work of a few minutes to rescue the little fellow. An old tin pail was at hand, Mabel brought the clothesline, and, in a moment or two the pail descended into the black hollow.

Charlie floated it close to the puppy, at the same time calling to him in coaxing and endearing tones. But the poor little animal found it impossible to fasten his feet upon the hard and shining sides of the pail. He struggled bravely, at the same time crying pitifully.

Mabel, who was watching eagerly, at last began to cry loudly, as she saw the puppy's repeated vain attempts.

"He's going to drown, I know, he is," she sobbed aloud; "see, he can hardly keep his head out of the water now."

The hired man was just driving into the barn as she made this outcry. He dropped the reins on the horse's back, and with a few strides, reached the cistern and gave one glance into its depths.

He next jerked the clothesline around so that he had hold of the end that lay on the ground, at the same time calling to Charlie, "Get me that wooden pail on the steps, there."

The wooden pail soon struck the water close to poor puppy's head. He threw out his feet in one last desperate effort. They clung fast, and in another moment the poor little soaked body was in Charlie's arms.

"How did you happen to think of the wooden pail?" asked Mabel, looking at the hired man in awed admiration.

"Common sense," said the man, turning to his waiting horse.

"Common sense," repeated Mabel; "let's go tell mother; you know she is always saying that it's better to have common sense than talent."

Their New Cow.

A gentleman living in the country had just bought a cow, and all his children were in a great state of excitment about it. On the following Sunday they had ice cream for desert, and when it was brought in little Ronnie, who was only 3, looked round the table, and announced proudly to everyone present, "Isn't that a lovely ice cream? Our new cow made it."

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NEW YORK
ST. LOUIS

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FREE WE WILL GIVE AWAY 3000 OF THESE ELEGANT 23 PIECE FULL SIZE FAMILY TEA SETS

Every lady can have one for a few hours' pleasant work. Our elegant family tea sets are really elegant; any lady would be proud to have one. Unique pattern, beautifully decorated with a dainty flower design, made especially for us, we guarantee them to give perfect satisfaction. Ladies, we will give you one of our Elegant 23-piece Tea Sets if you will sell for us only 25 of our Ladies' fine quality, stylish turn-over collars at 10 cents each. We are introducing our collars and are willing to pay you handsomely for helping us. Send no money—We trust you with our collars to sell. Write at once. When sold, send us the $2.50 and we will send at once your elegant tea set. NATIONAL MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. B. 298 Van Buren St., Passaic, N. J.

The Boy Who Would Be Captain.

"I speak to be captain," cried Luke Edwards, just as soon as he put his head round the corner of the barn where the other boys were already assembled.

"Well, you won't be," replied Tommy Green, indignantly; "tw'n't fair coming on us that way. You're always doing things when we ain't ready, to get ahead.

"You didn't think of the company, Willie Jackson spoke of it first, and asked us to meet here, and this is his barn, and we're to train on his land, and of course he ought to have first chance."

"Then he ought to have spoke first," mocked Luke. "He didn't, so I'm captain."

"But you don't know as much 'bout training," expostulated Tommy, though less vehemently. "Willie's brother's a soldier, and he understands things, and—and is int'rested."

"Well, I guess I can walk on ahead and give orders and wave my sword, can't I?" demanded Luke, aggressively. "That's want a captain's for. And then I'm the biggest and I spoke first."

"O, let him be captain if he wants to," interposed Willie, generously; "what's the odds?"

"But he can't do it so well as you."

"He can learn," smiled Willie, "that's what I'm trying to do. If I find out anything he don't know, I can show him."

So in spite of the general feeling of discontent, Luke became captain and walked on ahead and waved his sword and called out sharp and contradictory commands, which the 20 boys tried to follow, because Willie assured them that a soldier's first duty was to obey.

But as to accepting Willie's advice, that was something Luke would not do; it was a reflection on his dignity as captain to receive advice from the ranks. And more than that, he insisted on putting his brother in lieutenant and his two cousins second lieutenant and sergeant, and to keep the peace Willie persuaded his companions to accept the situation.

Thus it went on until along in October, when the town was thrown into sudden excitement by the unexpected arrival of an old resident who had gone away and in 20 years had risen to be a famous general.

Of course, there was a hurriedly arranged parade, in which the prominent men and the band and school children took part, and in which—to their consternation and delight—the Invincibles were asked to join.

They were at the very end of the parade, and when they came opposite the plaza of the little hotel the spectators were astonished to see the general suddenly leave his chair and approach them.

"Very good, very good, indeed," he commended; "it makes me think of a little company that I commanded in this very street some 40 years ago. But I have a proposition to make, boys, that I hope you'll agree to."

"We will," they cried in chorus.

"Wait till I get through," genially. "There are some defects in your maneuvering which I noticed and would like to remedy. If you will let me reorganize the company I will give you a full outfit of caps and belts and wooden guns, and swords for officers. Do you agree?"

"Yes! yes! yes!" cried the boys.

"Good! Now you go through all your movements carefully. I will watch and give you 20 minutes. I want to study each man."

At the end of 20 minutes he held up his hand.

"That will do," he called. "The boy with the brown cap will step from the line; he will be your captain."

The boy with the brown cap was Willie Jackson.

"Now that boy in the baseball suit the one with the red tie, and the one carries a broom handle. They w your first and second lieutenants ar geant."

The boy in the baseball suit was my Green, the others were two who closely followed Willie's advice to o orders. Luke Edwards stared at the ge eral incredulously.

"But what'll I be?" he demanded.

"O, you will have to go back into the ranks, my boy;" the general smiled: "It will be for your own good. No one can command until he knows how."

A BABY IN A BAG.

A baby in a cradle is a common sight, but who ever saw a baby that lived in a bag? asks a writer in the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

When the kangaroo baby is born it is not as large as a mouse, so its kind mother keeps it in a soft warm bag. There it has nothing to do for a long time but to drink milk and grow fat.

When it is 7 or 8 months old it begins to get restless, and wants to see the outside world, so its mother lets it come out, look around and take a nibble at the sweet, green grass.

But it soon grows tired and is glad to slip back into its warm and cozy nursery.

When the mother is frightened or sees a strange creature coming, off she hurries with the little one and bag.

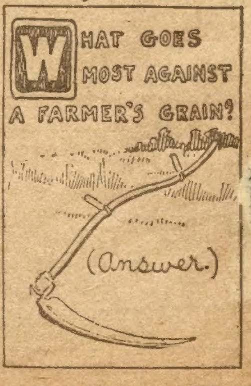
TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

Nell is the sweetest little maid,
  With laughing lips and merry eyes;
All trustful, blithe, and unafraid,
  A winsome fairy in disguise.

Belle is the sourest little lass,
  With frowning brow and pouting lips;
Her longings never come to pass,
  Her sun is always in eclipse.

And yet, these little girls are twins,
As near alike as any pins.

Today's Riddle


WHAT GOES MOST AGAINST A FARMER'S GRAIN?